E. P. Sessions
from her brother
George H. Fisher.

S k e t c h e s
by
Theodore G. Huntington of the
Family and Life in Had-
ley, written in let-
ters to
H. F. Quincy.

Sketches

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.....While engaged in this way, your letter of last winter was freshly brought to mind in which you spoke of Hadley life at the 'Old Place' years ago, and expressed regret, if I am not mistaken, that your children had never possessed from personal experience a knowledge of country life as it was lived then, with all the charm of its human relationships, its intimacy with Nature, with its simple, but on the whole, enjoyable mode of living. Then it occurred to me---and the thought was at first almost startling---that of the three brothers now living, I am the only one who possesses any very intimate and accurate knowledge of the home life of the family, at, perhaps, its most interesting period, that is, after the removal from Middletown Conn., to the 'Old Place'---the 'Valley Douce' as some of the sisters used to call it in their temporary banishment from its delights. Frederic is too young to have remembered much of the earlier life, and after sixteen he was away from home most of the time. William, too, though my elder by nearly ten years, was not much at home after sixteen when he entered college. Sister Bethia knew more than any of the brothers and sisters of this most interesting period and I have need to reproach myself that I have not often led her into this tempting field. But she was self-contained naturally and so was I; besides, the claims of the present were always pressing and if ever I found time for free thought, the future with its possibilities always had more attractions for me than the memories of the past. Now, however, alarmed lest this precious fragment of the world's history should be wholly lost, wondering that some one had not picked up atleast a few relicts of the busy workers that swarmed there fifty and sixty years ago, and blaming myself, my mind ran back to the days of childhood; its merry makings, its hungry fastdays, its solemn Sundays, and its more welcome Thanksgivings. The dear faces that had become dim through the long years, stood out in the freshness of yesterday, and I longed for the pen of a ready writer, and for some magician's wand to hold the pageant while I should describe in words worthy of the occasion, the happy procession as it passed. The vision, in spite of my illness, lasted through the day and the waking hours of the night. The backward sweep of the eye seemed to take in everything, even the dumb animals;

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the cattle, the horses and the dogs did not escape the search. I seemed to see distinctly the quaint personages that were from time to time, inmates of the household in the capacity of servants or 'help' as they were then called, and the no less noticeable persons outside the family, mostly in humble circumstances who passed away with the last generation and have left no representatives behind them. As a result of the thronging memories that came flitting through my head for the twenty-four hours previous, only to banish into the darkness again, there remained in the morning, the conviction, or perhaps I should say, the impression that I ought to make some record, or some sketches, at least, of the old family life at Hadley. Who knows but what I may have been laid aside for the time that the matter might be brought before me. I imagine I felt somewhat as Holland did when about to write his hymn for the Hadley Centennial. He had been thinking of those who had died leaving no name or record behind them, when he says

'Mid the odorous pulsations
Of the air around my bed,
Through the ghostly generations
Of the long forgotten dead,

'Rise and write! With gentle pleading
They command and I obey
And I give to you the reading
Of these tender words today.'

Of course the question came very soon 'What is the use ?' and it did not get any very satisfactory answer. But between us, I believe that this same question has prevented the doing of a great deal of work in this world that ought to have been done. We are slow to give shelter and intimations of whose origin we are uncertain especially if they cross our liking and those who can cultivate their acquaintance and do their bidding are often accredited as little better than fools or madmen. And yet we must acknowledge, I think, that some of the best work that was ever done was taken up under the stress of duty. So to compare small things with great, I determined to begin to write,

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and to put what I shall say into the form of letters inflicted upon you, with the full understanding that whenever you choose you may say 'Hold, enough,' and I will obey. I need not describe to you that part of the Connecticut Valley lying between Toby and Sugar Loaf on the North and Holyoke and Tom on the South. Even the young people have learned from you its salient points. But I am not sure that any of your children have ever been in this part of the country State, and if not, they may be interested in a more minute description of its many features, though I would not be guilty of presuming that they will follow me through all I intend to say. Perhaps, indeed, I shall stop before I get through, if such an expression may be allowed.

I know of no better starting point than the brow of the hill coming from South Hadley to Hadley, just after you make the pass of the river between Mts. Tom and Holyoke. For a half mile the road has been growing more wild, with sharp angles, abrupt hills, and through deep cuts of rocks with the river far below, until you come to the top of the spur mentioned above, when you get a most enticing and yet tantilizing view of the valley beyond. You see long reaches of the sauntering river, broad and fertile meadows, Northampton nestling at the base of the nearer Western hills, and beyond them stretching far away to the northward the low line that marks the horizon. But to the right the precipices of Holyoke shut in the view, and you feel that there are undiscovered beauties beyond. This scene is so happily described in the Mountain Christening by Holland, that I cannot forbear quoting a few stanzas. It was just after planting time, about the first of June, when the party started from Springfield, on a short exploring expedition up the river. There is an aroma in the atmosphere at this season, you know, on the Connecticut, which is not quite equalled elsewhere and this tramp must have been more appetizing from the dash of adventure attending it, for it was about two hundred and fifty years ago. Even now the scene of the Christening is a most fascinating locality. Some years ago business used to call me to South Hadley and through this pass in early Summer I was constantly tempted to stop and secure some

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beauty of bud or leaf or flower which seemed too precious to be wasted in these solitudes. I used to admire especially the large patches of saxifrage covering the bare rocks with their grayish bloom and its companion the ever dewy house-leek, both of them quite indifferent to the soil and depending for their daily life upon the skies. But we must not forget the 'Christening.' The party camped for the night within the sound of the roar of the Falls, and in the morning pushed on to where the river comes out from between the twin mountains, and here I must let the poet speak for himself.

'Up the rough ledges they clambered amain
Holyoke and Thomas on either hand,
Till high in mid passage they paused, and then
They tearfully gazed on a lovely land.

'Down by the Ox-Bow's southerly shore,
Licking the wave, bowed an antlered buck,
And northward and westward a league or more
Stretched the broad meadows of Nonotuck.

'Straight up the river an Indian town,
Filled the soft air with its musical hum,
And children's voices were wafted down,
From the peaceful shadows of Hockanum.

'Rude little patches of greening maize
Dappled the landscape far and wide,
And away in the north in the sunlit blaze
Sugar Loaf stood and was glorified.'

But we must part company with the band of explorers here, leaving them to go home and relate their adventures, while we remark the boundaries of the little country we have already partly sketched. Descending the hill for a half mile, we come to the settlement of Hockanum with its ample meadow called the Ox-Bow, deriving its name from the course of the river which almost surrounds it. The sun rises late here and his last rays

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linger long among the summits that tower almost perpendicularly on the northwestern face of Holyoke. It is said that the autumn frosts delay their coming here for days and sometimes weeks, kept back by the heat stored up in the mountain and slowly given out as cooler weather comes. Another half mile up the river and we reach the famous ascent of the mountain. Here we encounter almost within a stone's throw the Steamboat, the Railroad and the Hotel, very convenient things in their way, but deadly foes to solitude and romance. As we are lifted so quietly up the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, I am forcibly reminded of the way in which the summit was reached sixty years ago by a large party of neighbors and friends of whom it was my fortune to make one. I must have been very young for I can recall but few incidents of the memorable occasion. I know it was my first ascent. It was a hot summer morning and I remember the tugging of the younger members of the party to get up the jugs of water and the baskets of provisions. There were stories enough of bears and rattlesnakes to give the expedition a coloring of adventure and our credulity was taxed to the utmost to believe that our Grandmother performed the feat of riding to the summit on horseback. I remember, too, the glad surprise that seized us 'young-uns', when Mr. Morton, Dr. Porter's clerk, a pale, sickly-looking person, whom I regarded almost with awe as very religious, opened his basket loaded with candies and other good things from the store. Somehow from that time my feeling of awe diminished, but his kind thoughtfulness had brought his piety down to the level of my childish understanding and my veneration must have softened into something like love after that. It will take but a moment to call to mind again the natural boundaries of this little Paradise of New England. The Holyoke range on oneof the summits of which we stand, you are aware, runs nearly east for some eight or ten miles when it terminates in a bluff at the foot of which sleeps the Belchertown pond. I wonder if you remember another pass in this range about midway between the river and the point just alluded to. The road from Am-

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herst to South Hadley runs through it, and it is quite wild in some parts. About midway of this pass, there is on the western side and under a high bluff, a steep declivity of perhaps a half acre completely covered with small angular stones, so thick, in fact, that nothing can grow between them. It is known all about by the name of the Devil's Garden, and is perhaps a good illustration of his husbandry. A drive from South Hadley, Hadley, or Amherst around the mountain and through the twin passes has many attractions and as far as my observation goes, is a favorite one with lovers. A continuous line of hills comprising parts of Belchertown, Pelham, and Leverett, composes the eastern boundary, the last named town being noted for its sugar making and as being the scene in early spring of sugar parties from adjoining towns. In my boyhood's days, beggars, basket-makers, and huckleberry peddlers came mostly from Shutesbury, a sort of unclaimed territory beyond Leverett. The inhabitants were slow to acknowledge their citizenship, but generally came from the edge of the town. But to return. Toby and Sugar Loaf shut in our view on the north while a rather low line of hills make the western boundary. There was one peculiarity connected with Sugar Loaf in my younger days which must not be forgotten. As you ride up the river towards the mountain on the west side, a large pine tree standing on the very apex used to be a prominent object. Its shape was such that it took very little imagination to give it the form of an Indian Chief in his war dress, keeping watch there as the guardian spirit of the valley. I have been giving some of the more prominent landmarks of the little world in which our family was reared, or rather I have been recalling them to your mind, for the most of them were once familiar to you. But you must have noticed that there are two prominent features of the region which I have alluded to if at all only incidentally, but without which it would be comparatively prosaic and dull. These are the river and Mt. Warner as it is called. Viewed from Mt. Holyoke, the latter looks like a mere hill on the plain below, but as one nears it, it rises into quite respectable proportions. Its northern and eastern parts are well-defined, while its southern and western slopes are more irregular and spreading. On the latter, the western side, you know

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it pushes out into irregular spurs till it terminates in Pleasant Hill not a hundred rods from the old Homestead. In fact, this is about equidistant from the river on one side and this miniature foot hill off Mt. Warner on the other. There are many things that give peculiar interest to this comparatively wild locality, though it is getting tamed down as the years go by. As I have been thinking it over this evening, I have wondered that through the routine of farm life this same Mt. Warner entered so largely into my early life. My Grandfather at the time of his death, must have owned a large part of it, at least, some two or three hundred acres and at his decease a good slice of it came into our mother's possession, our father having a life interest in it. Our supplies of fuel all came from it, and in those days of open fire-places it was a winter's work to provide for these voracious consumers of wood. Then the pastures were there, and every few days the cattle must be salted. The oxen must be driven to and fro, sometimes the cows, and in the best of the season two or three of us must go up on Sunday morning two miles to bring home the horses to go to church. If I remember rightly, the horses disliked being caught as much as some of the boys did going to meeting. Then there was the washing of the sheep some fine morning in June. This was rare sport, but one who has read Cowper's or perhaps Thomson's description of a sheep washing, would hardly dare attempt anything in the same line. The sheep shearing which followed a few days after the washing had its interest, too, especially for the younger portions of the family. The sheep were driven home and confined in a stable; the barn floor was nicely swept. Then the poor animal trembling with fright was brought out and made to assume an awkward sitting posture where with its back towards and between the knees of the operator, it resigns itself to its fate. Then the shearer begins his delicate task. Parting the wool under the neck, the nimble shears work their way close to the skin and beneath the matted wool which soon begins to fall off around the shoulders in fleecy folds, white, soft, yielding to the touch, wonderful in its fresh beauty as well as in its after uses. After the neck is done the poor sheep is laid on its side , the ringing clip goes relentlessly on until at last relieved of its burden the pris-

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oner leaps forth into its native liberty again, but with such diminished size and uncomely proportions as to excite our hearty mirth at the transformation. Meantime the fleece which is entire in one piece, is carefully rolled up and tied together to be sent to the carding mill or sold. When I was a boy, my father used to raise large fields of rye on those pastures, generally having ten or a dozen acres every year. The preparations of those fields must have cost a great deal of work, but it rquired stronger hands than mine to turn the furrows on those side hills and manage the team; but when it came to harvesting, I was of more consequence. I could carry the water for the men, and help throw the sheaves together for carting. This water-carrying, by the way, was no light thing. We used to have a great turnout of reapers with their flashing sickles sweeping up the hill, the water coming from a spring at the bottom. I used to think the men drank a most unreasonable quantity. The rye harvest was quite an event in the work of the season. I can remember several occasions when the old English custom of shouting the harvest home was observed. Another thing must not be forgotten in this connection, and that is, the annual apple gathering. We had enough of that to do at home and more, but the apple gathering at Mt. Warner was another thing. There was the early rising to lengthen the shortening days, the busy preparation of bags, baskets, vehicles and provisions, the merry company, for all went thatcould be spared, the long ride up and back, the dinner by the Spring so much better than any at home. The apples, the once famous 'Scott's Sweet,' were sorted, the best being saved for winter applesauce and the poorer ones going into cider.

These Mt. Warner excursions and industries brought us a good deal of hard work, but they had their compensations and enjoyments as have most of our labors in after life if we look at them the right way. There was the change of scene; life and labor on Mt. Warner, and life and labor down on the river meadows, were two different things. It may not be easy to define the difference but it was positive nevertheless, and as we all like change this may have been contributed to make, what might otherwise have seemed hard, enjoyable. Besides this the view from these pasture lots is one of exceptional beauty. Across the fertile meadows, Sugar Loaf and Toby stand out boldly in

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the north, while between them issues the river, which from this point follows a straight course for several miles until near North Hadley village, when it bears away westward and then returning again makes one of those bows of which it is so fond, and at the same time encloses on three sides, what were known in those days as 'School Meadows.' This side or eastward of the meadows was the village, and between that and the hillside where our work lay and which were sloped down to its very edge, was the mill pond, long and irregular in shape but not without a certain beauty of its own which water almost always has. We were within sound of the village life and in August when the ground was being prepared for sowing, the flails of the threshers would beat time all day to the musical drone of the mill.

But in these days of which I am writing a large part of Mt. Warner was covered with wood. I will not say forest, for that would imply perhaps a larger area than existed, but to my mind they were forests and their solitudes were immense. There was an air of mystery about them. I could not compass or know them as I did the open fields. And yet they were fascinating. I would not dare explore their depths alone for fear of being lost, but with one who knew their intricacies, a plunge from sunlight, song, and flowers into their overhanging shadows with nothing to break the silence but the distant trill of some solitary wood thrush, was a strange, awe-inspiring, and but for the guide at my side, rather a fearful experience, but with one who knew the way, exhilarating, a sort of tonic. What a type it was of some of the after experiences of our lives, only in these later ones it was a deeper life that entered these solitudes. The shadows were darker, the chill more palpable, the thickets more impenetrable, and the silence absolute: no not that, but only less because the kind Wise Friend who held us by the hand reassured and led us out again with more tender recollections, with larger lives and with higher hopes than we ever knew before. It was from the woods that we used to get our supplies of birch, (not for our backs) of wintergreen and sassafras, and we used to skirt the edges of this unknown land to secure the necessaries of a boys inventory of goods and chattels. But it was the nutting that gave its peculiar charm

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to the woods. Chestnutting especially was the autumn pastime. As early as July we watched for the long plume-like blossoms to know if the fruit was likely to be abundant. We welcomed the frost because they would open the burrs and later in the season the showers of wind and rain were our helpers to beat off the precious burden and lay it at our feet. Those were hours of high hope and bold adventure when some fine morning in October after a storm a party of us would start off on one of these nutting expeditions. Numbers gave us daring: the wooded shade were not so dark as in the summer for the falling leaves let in more light and we should meet other companies on our way. The bracing air, the pungent odor of the forest known only at this season, no doubt the very exercise of this faculty of search for something we might call our own, all contributed to give a zest to these excursions, which are known only to youth and inexperience. Then the sense of beauty was constantly stimulated and gratified. I beg you do not laugh at me now for expatiating on the beauty of chestnut burrs, but they are like some unlovable people who never open and show their beauty and sweetness until just before they drop into their graves. It is something so with these chestnut burrs and their contents; woe to the boy who steps on one of them barefooted, but show me one whose eyes will not glisten with delight at the sight of one of these freshly fallen prickly globes, full-packed with meat and opened just enough to show the white satin lining in which sleep these beauties of the wood, and I will confess that we live in a degenerate age. The color of the chestnut you know, is a synonym for the richest brown, and the silken scarf which covers the neck is as soft as the eiders down. I think there is nothing that can give us a more impressive sense of the inherent love of beauty that dwells in the Divine Nature than these chance specimens (as I may almost call them) the lining of a chestnut burr, which the weather will spoil in a few days or hours, or the frost etchings upon a window so exquisite sometimes in their outlining and yet which a breath will dissolve.

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of the mountain. The latter went by the name of 'John's Rock' because, as the family tradition said, my Grandfather's gardener, a Scotchman, used to visit it on Sundays and take his naps there. The curiosity about these boulders is that they are of a different formation of the surrounding rock, and evidently came from Toby or Sugar Loaf, which I think are of volcanic origin.

Since I have been recalling these incidents of early life connected with Mr. Warner, and comparing them with others associated with the Connecticut river, I have been impressed with the difference between them as factors in my life experience, at this period. If there was an air of reticence and mystery about those wooded solitudes; if the life lived there was grave, uniform, and quiet; the very reverse of this was true of the river. In the winter, indeed, it was cold and silent, not half as companionable as the forest, but in the summer season all its life was on the surface. It was lovely, sociable, or saucy, foaming with rage or rippling with laughter as the wind and skies played with its caprices. I think my earliest recollections connected with the river were in passing over the old arched bridge about one fourth of a mile below the house. It was not considered safe then to drive over it faster than a walk, but it was a beautiful object in the landscape with its graceful arches reaching from pier to pier and the flooring following the course of the arches. And when at length, they began to fall away one by one, at intervals, its picturesque effects were rather heightened than otherwise. It was said that when the bridge was finished, Dr. Lyman of Hatfield preached on the occasion and delivered himself of the opinion that in view of such improvements the millenium could not be far in the future. Speaking of the bridge, reminds me of the sport of 'going in swimming' as we used to call bathing. The boys of the two families, Uncle Phelps' and our own, used to join forces often and since the river flats back of the house were not favorable for diving, we used to resort to the bridge. By swimming over to the first pier a good diving place could be found and thither they would go like a flock of ducks for it was deep water all the way over. I remember well how full of his tricks your father was and how he used to delight in ducking us younger ones. It was before I had learned to swim and

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he used sometimes to want to carry me on his back over to the pier. You can easily imagine I used to require the most solemn assurances he would not play me false, and he never did or I should not now probably be writing these recollections. So persuading me to put my arms about his neck he would launch out and ferry me over to the pier. Likely enough he would teaze me awhile with the fear that I should be left there, but he never had a thought of that. O simple, unhesitating, buoyant faith of childhood! How often have I since prayed that when called to make the passage from this to the world beyond, I may have a like trust in our Divine Elder Brother, that he would carry me safely over. I hardly know why we had no boat in those days: perhaps it was because among so many young people, there would be too much danger from accidents. I recollect but one sailing party and that comprehended the Phelps family and ours. It was on a fourth of July afternoon and our boat was one used for fishing in the river. Uncle P. was the pilot and we went up the river some two or three miles. During the freshets which came much more regularly in the spring than now brother Theophilus and I used to make a raft large enough to float several persons and on one of these we would make our voyage of adventure, for at such times almost the entire meadows were covered. Outside the banks there was very little current and though our craft was of the rudest make, there was but little danger. As a means of transportation of goods, farm products and lumber, the river was of much more importance than it is now. In the early part of the season almost every day would witness the floating down of one or more of those sleepy, easy-going structures called rafts, the only care necessary being to keep in deep water and go with the current. How I did envy the delicious leisure of those lumbermen. They had indeed a few boards for oars but they were of very little use judging from appearances as they glided past us poor fellows sweating in the cornfields. But the fall boats as they were called were more pretentious affairs. They were long and flat-bottomed and carried a mast with two sails. If not picturesque they gave life to the river and we missed them when they were superseded by the railroad car. A curious illustration of the fact that modes of industries as well as his-

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tory and fashions repeat themselves may be found in the fact that there has lately been some movement to resume this navigation of the river as far as Holyoke, chiefly, I believe, for the purpose of transporting coal. There was one industry connected with the river, which though rather prosaic in its practical details, was yet a source of real luxury even in times that I can remember. This was the shad fishing. My memory does not extend to the time when salmon were so common that these only were saved while the shad were thrown back into the water. In fact this must have been before my day, though I suppose this was the case in the early history of the town. A tradition has come down concerning this which shows the tyranny of fashion even in so small a matter as eating fish. Old General Porter of Revolutionary fame was one of the magnates of Hadley. I think he received Gen. Burgoyne's sword when he surrendered and afterwards the latter spent a night at the Old Gen. Porter house. Of course the General's lady must do nothing beneath her dignity. But she was very fond of shad and yet it would not do to have it known generally that she partook of so common a dish. So she would tell the General's black man when he went fishing to put a good shad under his overcoat slyly, so she could have her favorite fish without the odium of its being known publicly.

While speaking of the natural features of the country that surrounded the old Homestead and gave a colouring to the life there, I must not forget to mention one which though not natural, had come to be regarded as hardly less, from the many associations connected with it. This was the Hatfield church bell. It was hardly half a mile distant straight across the meadow, the river, and the homelots beyond. Our relations with this bell were unique. Though the village was so near, the river interposed a barrier to social intercourse more effectual than if it had been ten miles distant. Even if we attended church there, which the younger portion of the family sometimes did, while suffering the annoyances of religious intolerance, it was only to join in the services and listen to the sermons, and not at all to mingle with the people So when the old bell spoke to us, it was for the most part on grave themes. Its voice was always the same, its tones solemn tender, peaceful, and to me unexpressibly sweet. It was a

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perpetual monitor, speaking to our higher nature. When Sunday came, if the morning and afternoon bell were missing, it would hardly have been Sunday at all. How many times I have sat in the old stoop at the back side of the house, spell-bound after the tolling began until its last note had ceased. I used often to get my sermon before others had begun to listen. I had a fancy that the water lent a liquid softness to the tones which they would not otherwise have had. At any rate there was no bell to compare with it in my estimation. It was always sure to please. If I was harassed and vexed with cares, it bade me be calm and patient, to passion it said 'peace.' When in melancholy moods, its song was one of hope. If I were becoming absorbed in a mere worldly life, a single note lightly heeded would be enough to prove its emptiness and vanity. But this is all changed now. The old bell became cracked and was sent back to the foundry to be recast and fling its music from another tower and to strange ears. The river craft has disappeared. New crops are growing on the meadows and the ruthless axe is making bare the crests of Mt. Warner. Enclosures are being removed and the style threatens to be to have all things in common. Whether we are to have the retirement and domesticity of home left, we shall see. I hold yet that the movements of society are onward and for the better, though I confess it puzzles me sometimes to put this and that together.

We listened last evening to a very eloquent address by Mr. Bullock of Worcester, on the five epochs of our American History, viz., the colonial, the French and Indian wars, the war of the revolution, the establishment of the constitution and its interpretation including the late civil war. In his introduction he noticed the contrast between American and European history, in that while the earlier stages of the latter are enveloped in mystery and deal largely in fable or something like it, our own stands out clear and legible, known and read of all men, from the beginning to the present time. In the aggregate no doubt this is true, and yet if we go into the history of individuals and families, andeven larger communities, how much there is that transpires, over which time and circumstance throw the veil of obscurity or utter forgetfulness! And yet in these nameless homes was formed the beginning of the nation's life. The conditions of pioneer life were such as to give birth to and nourish the heroic virtues and when these led

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If we undertake to go back beyond 1750 or 1752 for traces of human homes or I should rather say of human life in the vicinity of the old homestead, we shall find some traces of these in an Indian burial place on a sandy knoll in school meadow, and in an abundance of Indian relicts such as arrow heads, hoes axes, pestles and broken pots, all of stone, which we boys used to pick up in the ploughed fields; but for anything further than this, we must draw on the imagination. There was a famous old walnut tree which stood close behind the house, which I feel confident must have been there before the house was built. My imagination used to sport itself around this tree and in my youthful days, I addressed some lines to it. It was here that Capt. Moses Porter determined to make a home for himself. Judd's History says that he raised his house in 1752 on the 27th of May and moved into it Dec., 5th of the same year. His wife was Elizabeth Pitkin of Hartford and they had one daughter, an only child, my grandmother then about five years old. Three years were passed here. The husband and father had probably become well established in his home and was getting his ample acres under systematic management. But the fatal expedition against Crown Point in the year 1752, blasted the fair prospect and brought a cloud of sorrow and gloom over the heavily-stricken young wife, from which she never recovered

on to self surrender and death, there were sorrows endured of which the world will never hear, indeed, but which for tragic interest will compare well with any that history has to relate. So when we speak of history, it must be only in its great outlines. The filling up consists of the toil, the anxieties, the suffering, the labor, the prowess, the daring of the unnumbered multitude where each throws in his mite to help form the grand periods that measure a nation's life and progress. This thought has been suggested by Mr. Bullock's address in connection with our own family history, to which my mind naturally turns when not otherwise occupied. My last letter finished in great part what I have to say in regard to the natural scenery that surrounds the "Old Place." And now as I begin to speak of the lives lived there, I cannot but pause with uncovered head as I stand on this holy ground!

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though she lived to be nearly eighty years old. It almost seems as if her first entrance into Hadley was in some sort prophetic of her future. I believe a custom prevailed in those days, of what was called stealing the bride. It was a frolic of course, and of its details I am ignorant, but in this case, a dashing young beau, a relative of the family was one of several who went down towards Hockanum to meet the wedding party. By his plausible talk he persuaded the bride to change her seat for one on the pillion behind him. This done he very soon put his horse into a gallop and easily outstripping the rest of the party he rode into town with his prize much to her embarrassment and chagrin being an entire stranger in the place. So when after a few short years, the war cheated her out of her husband, she sat in her new strange home a widow in solitude and despair. It seems to bring those years quite near to us to know that one Enos Smith who was living in Hadley when I was a boy told Mr. Judd the historian of Hadley that he saw Capt. Porter when about leaving town for Albany and that to him a boy of nine or ten years old, his military dress appeared very rich and showy. But he never came back and his uniform became a prey to the savages. There were rumors of cruelties in the kind of death he endured that were almost too shocking to be believed. Of the space of time that intervened and the womanhood of our Grandmother very little seems to be known. A. M. Bartlett of the school meadow village managed the farm for some years and it was probably worked in some such way until it came under the control of Grandfather Phelps by marriage. I believe it was in the capacity of manager of the farm that he became acquainted with the young lady who was heiress to the property and who afterwards became his wife. One would naturally suppose from their isolated life and the morbid condition of the mother's mind, that the daughter's temperament would have become tinged at least with sadness. But such does not seem to have been the case, but on the contrary she developed into a strong-minded, sensible, practical and withal, judging from a journal kept through a large part of her married life, a remarkably social woman. It affords a good illustration of what most of us have often noted, that while certain characteristics are often hereditary, when idiosyncrasies ob-

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trude themselves so as to interfere seriously with the proper enjoyments of life, nature will sometimes set up her 'counter irritants' lest the whole mental constitution become wrenched out of due proportions and perhaps beyond recovery. My Grandfather, too, was a practical man with good if not remarkable executive abilities and it is my private opinion that it was his admiration for what I should call the buoyant qualities of mind and heart which he saw in the younger Elizabeth that gave him courage to ask her hand in marriage. I have heard mother say that among the Porters, the social position of my Grandfather was not such as to entitle him in their estimation to favor in seeking an alliance of this kind. They had selected for the daughter of the then late Capt. Moses Porter a man by the name of Williams, I think, who moved in the best circles of society but had not much else to recommend him. But the more humble suitor was persevering and the lady was both independent and sensible. Doubtless she had a love for the farm and she could see with her own eyes that Charles Phelps was the man to manage and improve it and when to this was joined goodness of heart and sterling principle why should she not do as she pleased ? This she did and in due time they married. It seems to have been a fitting match. Prosperity attended their labors. The acreage of the farm at first 300 was doubled. As early as 1770 the prosperity was rated highest on the list in Hadley with one exception. Much public business was transacted by my Grandfather and he was also an officer in the church. Having so much land he kept quite a retinue of laborers and at times I suppose he made considerable levies on the working force of the school meadow village. There was but one of them Paul Wright by name, whom I remember much, and he must have been quite young in the days of which I am now writing. He was was quite a genius in his way, and when a little excited by drink, which was sadly often the case, he was quite a rhymster, talking sometimes almost wholly in doggerell. It is related of him, that coming down to the farm late one morning in the haying season, when the hands were all at work, he took in the situation at once and burst out with the following impromptu, the only merit of which if it has any is that it describes by name the work and the appearance of each person as his eye took

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in the scene.

'Enoch is hoeing, Silas is mowing,
Thad's a whetting his scythe
Charles and Gale begin to fail
Old Lawson's all alive.'

His voice was musical which made him a good singer, but I think he prided himself most in the use of his voice as a driver of an ox team. He was wonderfully skillful in the use of the jacknife and shaver. Nobody could fashion oxbows, axhelves and whipstalks lik him. But his most wonderful feat in my boyish estimation was in cutting a beautiful chain out of a stick of wood. I remember at one time I had been teasing for a sled. One day he came down to work and while breakfast was preparing he went to the barn and before it was ready he brought me in my sled to my unbounded delight. His son takes care of the 'Old Place' now for brother F., but he inherits this terrible taste for intoxicants which is a continual curse to him. A very different kind of a man was Old Josh Boston as he was when I knew him. (He used to live near the river bank at the north end of middle street.) He was a negro of genuine African type. He stood full six feet high, was of princely bearing and as Mother believed, had a prince's blood in his veins. He had no doubt been a slave at some time and I think it quite possible, though it is nothing to boast of, that he held that place at one time in Grandfather's family, who was returned by the assessors to the general court about 1771 as the owner of a slave, as were three other Hadley men. It is a point I should like to ascertain but from the interest attached to him by the family I think quite likely such was the case. There was nothing servile in his appearance. Dignified, courteous, respectful, he commanded the respect of all who knew him. He was a devout church goer and I remember well the neat, healthy appearance of himself and his wife as they walked together to meeting of a Sunday, he carrying his wife's work bag with the gallantry of a lover. He believed in the equality of all men before God. His sturdy self-respect would not assent to the wicked prejudice that makes invidious distinctions on account of color, and when the builders of the new church in Grand-

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father's day yielded to the common feeling and put in two negro pews at the farthest possible remove from the pulpit and the congregations, he protested against the insult by quietly taking his seat in the porch. Glorious independence! Precious privilege of protest. And is it not a curious comment on the lack of finer elements of humanity and the strength of caste, there was never one to bid him welcome within whe walls unless possibly on those sacred feasts when the Elder Brother rules, and shames into abeyance the petty pride that is so ready to say 'Stand by thyself, I am holier than thou.' Another of these characters more or less identified with the earlier history of the estate, was a Scotchman by the name of Morrison. He stood in a much nearer relation to the family than Wright and possibly than Boston having been an inmate for many years. He was the gardener. This was his especial and almost exclusive business in the summer season, and from what I have heard of him I think he must have been bred to the employment. He was a relic of the British Army of the revolution and chose to remain in this country after the close of the war. I doubt if at that time there was a farmer in the three river counties who kept a professional gardener, that is, one whose exclusive business was ornamental gardening. Of course I never knew the garden in its prime but our Mother often spoke of its beauties and I can remember how sad it made her feel to have those sacred precincts invaded by the unfeeling plough and boorish oxen who would as soon tread upon the fairest flower as upon a thistle. I imagine Old John's indignation could hardly have found words to express itself, vehement as he sometimes was in his speech, could he have seen the profanation. Why there were precious few hands good enough even to turn the sacred soil, and as to flowers, woe to the luckless one outside the household who should dare to brave his wrath by even touching one of his floral treasures. And yet he had the Scotch humor. He cultivated the sensitive plant, very rare in those days. He would amuse himself sometimes by getting one unacquainted with its peculiarities to touch it and then witness the fright at the sudden collapse. I used to hear many of his ' bons mots ' but I remember only one. When any nice dish was being discussed the foundation of which was ordinary material, he would say ' You can make my old boots good by putting enough butter to them.' There was a German (Hessian) couple who occupied temporary huts on the farm. One of them was just at

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the south end of 'Pleasant Hill' east of the Homestead. Their names were Andre and Mary. When I was a boy the only vestiges of their having lived on the farm were two luxuriant beds of mint which must have been near their domicile. I suppose we may call Grandfather's the second age of home life at 'forty acres.' It must have been busy and prosperous. I find by Judd's history that he was among the largest growers of hay and corn, that he was among the first in Hadley to own a chaise, and I have heard Mother say that at sixty years of age, he could ride sixty miles a day on horseback.

In reviewing the history of the three generations that have lived on the Old Place, previous to the present, the fact has become noticeable that through it has remained in the in the family it has changed names with each generation. Whether that peculiarity will continue, remains as yet an uncertainty. Of the first two I have already mentioned such facts as I know though I must not forget to mention here that my Grandmother kept a journal from 1709 to near the time of her death. This I have never read though I hope to do so. Mother also kept a journal which is quite voluminous and which I anticipate the pleasure of looking over sometime. As Mother and Uncle Phelps were the only children, by blood, of the family that grew up to maturity, and as the families lived so near together, I cannot forbear devoting one letter to the earlier though not the earliest part of their history. Uncle Phelps built his house in 1816 and moved to Hadley the next year. His first wife died just before he moved and I never saw her though I know our Mother regarded her as a very lovely woman. I believe Uncle practised law at first in Boston, but was, when he left a cashier of a Bank there. I recollect very well when a few years later he brought his second wife home and particularly her first appearance at the church. She was very much dressed, indeed her costume was so altogether beyond that of our people, that to my youthful eyes it was very near the grotesque. But she was a Boston lady and all must be proper and right. She took kindly to country life and made a very affectionate wife and mother. It is somewhat singular that although there were ten children in Uncle's family and four marriages, there is but one living descendant and she does not bear the family name. You know of course that I refer to Ellen Bullfinch. Charles, the oldest son, has been always much of a recluse. Naturally of a modest, retiring habit, but

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at the same time confiding, and affectionate, the death of his mother when he was sixteen years old, seems to have been a blow from which he never recovered. Under her encouragement and guidance he would have doubtless developped into a very different kind of man, but her death just at this time, seems to have been a loss which could not be made up. At least this was Mother's explanation of his somewhat singular life and is probably correct. The other brothers and sisters by the first wife have been more into society and you know them quite well. Uncle P. though affectionate and generous to his children, seems to have been possessed with the idea that none of them were destined to excel in any path they might choose, if indeed, they could attain to mediocrity and then he did not encourage matrimony in his children, though, as you know, he was three times married himself. I imagine he would much rather have his children revolving around him than see them the centres of other spheres than his own. You must not suppose me to attribute this to selfishness. I think it rather resulted from a habit of self-depreciation coupled with an affectionate nature which is inherent in the Phelps blood and occasionally crops out in one way or another . Uncle P. had in an eminent degree what I shall call a judicial mind. He was remarkably careful for truth and justice and very exact and thorough in all business transactions. He was County Commissioner and member of general court for many years and his counsel was much sought in referee cases of importance. He was writer of the Oliver Smith will, the trial of which created so much interest at the time. I have had abundant occasion to note the contrast between my father and Uncle in this matter as it relates to the bringing up of their families and giving them a start in life. Our father never indulged in doubts in regard to any of his children attaining a fair measure of success. He was always ready to curtail and sacrifice in order to give them a chance. Uncle on the contrary, always doubted and if any of his children pushed out it was at their own cost. This mixture of underating one's self or one's own and at the same time holding them as too valuable to be enjoyed by others might have been disastrous on a family possessed of less native vigor

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and independence of character than his. It is a singular fact noticeable in this connection though it cannot be traced, except in one case, to any known cause, that not one of the children by the second marriage, lived what might be strictly called a normal life. Indeed there has been something almost tragic in what might appear on the surface as the uneventful life of each one of them. There is Thepohilus, the oldest of the four, what a sad life has been his! Naturally possessed of powers which might have given him position, influence, and usefulness, perhaps made him brilliant, through some mysterious mental process which the utmost care is not able to guard against, as it seems to me, his mind early entered into the thick darkness of insanity from which he has never recovered in sufficient measure to make his life a blessing to himself or ~~himself~~ others. He was a good scholar, graduating with fair college honors, but here his career ended as far as any work in life was concerned. He was naturally sedentary in his habits. This brought on indigestion. He was naturally unsocial and this as his mind increased in strength and activity, led to a morbid feeding on his own thoughts. Religious questions pressed upon him for solution, but having no one to whom he could open his heart, for his mother was not living at this time, he wrestled alone with what, probably seemed to him, as it has to many others in his condition, the awful mysteries of life until without even the reserved force of a sound body to fall back upon, his mind lost balance and has remained a wreck ever since. As a curiosity I send you a few stray lines of his written Dec. 24', '51 which I came across lately. The production is, I think, in Theoph's own hand writing and has the caption 'Epithalamium' with the name of Ruth underneath.

'She came among the reapers,
Whose golden sheaves were bright,
The maiden grace upon her face
More fair than harvest light;-

'Her undulating tresses
Her dark eye mildly fraught
With the beauty of the raven
The tenderness of thought.

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'And they said 'Whence came the stranger,
Of glossy eye and hair,
And whence the loveliness of face,
Than other maids more fair ?'

'But when the twilight gathered
The sheafy harvest o'er,
She rose in bridal beauty,
The mistress of the store.'

Probably there was some event that called out the lines and gave them an interest at the time which they would not otherwise possess, but I have forgotten what it was.
Then there was Billy: simple, childish, but with a mind which was much beyond his physical make-up and his natural power of expression. Weak it is true as far as mere intellectual capacity was concerned, yet true and acute in his religious convictions. Poor fellow! His life was blasted from his very birth by a religious indiscretion. There was an 'awakening' in Hadley and one Danforth, an evangelist, was preaching. My aunt expressed some curiosity to see or hear him. He heard of it and went up to call on her in company with a Miss Porter, especially if I remember right, to talk with her on the subject of religion. It gave her a dreadful fright and within twenty-four hours she gave birth prematurely to Billy. He barely lived—suffering for days the most terrible convulsions. The sad result as you know was a distorted and clouded life. Curiously enough as he grew up ministers and preaching became a hobby with him. He was a most persistent church goer and weak as he was in intellect he was a better judge in such matters than many who scorn being placed on an equality with him in anything. At one period he took to preaching himself. His hour was after the afternoon service at church, his pulpit and audience room the barn floor, and the audience itself an imaginary company of spirits to whom he used to hold forth with great volubility and in language unintelligible for the most part to any one but himself. In his limited powers of speech he invented a sort of vocabulary of his own by which he contrived to make himself pretty well understood. Some of these were quite apt,

"And they said 'Whence came the stranger,
Of glossy eye and hair,
And whence the loveliness of face,
Than other maids more fair'?

"But when the twilight gathered
The sheety harvest o'er,
She rose in bridal beauty,
The mistress of the store."

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such as 'Merry Water' for Hadley Mills, suggested probably by the dam, and rain he called 'high dew.' A fish was a 'water biddy;' Of Charlotte and Susan perhaps it is hardly necessary I should say anything, so well were they known to you, and yet their warm affection for, and dependence on one another, the strong contrasts between their earlier and later years, their fine musical and other artistic tastes may have escaped your observation. Growing up together with no sisters them in age and not much society outside of the family, their lives became so intertwined that each seemed to be the complement of the other, and their youth was bright, happy, and lovely. Charlotte was impulsive, practical, and competent; while Susan was retiring, imaginative, and quiet, and yet unlike as they were they were passionately fond of each other. They were much sought after in social entertainments being wonderfully sweet singers, fertile in expedients to produce effects whether artistic, comic or serious, as the case might be, and as deft in the practical details as they were bright in general outline and design. Looking at them from this point of view it seems as if they should never have been separated but in an evil hour Susan became engaged to a student in Amherst College much younger than herself. Marriage was delayed year after year until finally the engagement was broken off. Sensitive as she was, she bore the disappointment quite bravely until she learned her former lover had married another. This was more than she could endure. Hope was dead and life without an object, so she gave it up as if it were not worth the keeping. Her death made a great gap in the family, she was so sweet-tempered and sympathetic. But to Charlotte the loss was irreparable and this not alone because she was a loved sister, a companion and a confidant, but I think it must have been Susan who kept the poise of her life. Her death was like taking the balance-wheel from the watch. It almost seemed as if she were the centripetal power that bound them both to a common orbit, and that losing her, she was henceforth in her solitary course to be the sport of any malign influence that might cross her path. She became restless in the old home and planned frequent absences. At length and probably in the hope of finding relief from her solitary life she resolved to marry should a fit opportunity

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present itself. The opportunity soon came but the fitness never appeared. There was almost nothing congenial between her and her husband. He, perhaps you know, was President of a College in Tennesee. Cousin Charlotte went down there with him soon after their marriage and spent a few months, but living there was so utterly repugnant to all her feelings that she could not persuade herself to go there again. And yet she knew she was expected to live there. The matter was becoming serious, and I think it must have been through continued thought on her unhappy relation that her health at length gave way. She went to spend a few days in Deerfield with a friend of hers - a physician, and when she came home, unmistakable signs of insanity appeared. As her condition did not improve her husband was sent for. He decided very soon to take her to the Asylum at Hartford, and there bereft of reason, in the darkness of night, alone, with not even a watcher at her bedside, she got her release from a bondage that was probably worse to her than death. But the old home is a cheerful one now. Cousin Sarah is as she always was, utterly unselfish, patient, and helpful to the utmost extent of her strength. Cousin Marianne and her husband Alfred Belden form a part of the household. Francis makes frequent visits and sees to the finances, while Arthur and wife and the Bullfinchs make generous contributions to the social life of the family by annual or semi-annual pilgrimages to the valley and the pines. Ellen Bullfinch, the sole heir to the old homestead, maintains a sturdy love for it and its surroundings and I hope she may long enjoy ths shelter and its associations.

I find by a reference to father's Memorial, that of his life and also that of mother's, with some few of the children, are recorded there, which makes it less necessary for me to speak particularly of them, more especially in the case of the former. If in what follows, I appear egotistical, it is because these letters being made up of recollections, their personal character becomes somewhat of a necessity. The family moved from Middletown to Hadley in 1816. This step, though made from considerations of expediency arising from the insufficiency of father's salary for the support of his growing family proved in the end most fortunate as affording on the farm,

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which I have attempted to describe in former letters, an object on which the animal spirits of a rather turbulent set of boys, might expend themselves to good advantage. As I was but three years old when this important move was made it cannot be supposed that I should recall many incidents of that period. Our grandmother lived about two years after we came up and I believe the only thing I remember within that time was a little matter connected with her. I was in her room with mother and was asked to do some little service, I think it was fanning the old lady. It must have been my first attempt of the kind and I was so awkward as to excite a smile from her. Most likely I cried, at any rate I felt bad enough to cry and so an impression was made which has never been erased. But there were few incidents previous to 1820 which I can now recall. I dimly remember Sister Catherine's birth in 1817 and also Frederic's two years later. Your father personally stands out more distinctly as connected with this period than any other of the brothers and sisters, owing partly to the fact that he was the oldest and presumably in part because he was the most alive person in the circle. Yy conception of him at this time was as of a person effervescing continually with fun and frolic. It was his delight to play tricks on the younger ones though he was very considerate with me, perhaps because I was so young. Scotching the beds was one pastime; manipulating with masks and white sheets to imitate ghosts were others. Once he almost frightened Bethia out of her senses by placing in her bed a skull that he had found in the Indian burial ground at North Hadley. I remember to this day the antics he indulged in when putting on for the first time a pair of new boots, making as if the boots were determined after they got outside his feet and legs to throw him into all sorts of grotesque attitudes in order to floor him. While in College his vacations-visits were not looked forward to with unalloyed pleasure. There was a haunting fear of being made the subjects of some 'scene', of his contriving, in which he was occasionally assisted by Cousin Charles Phelps, all of which considerably moderated our enjoyment of these occasions. But he was affectionate notwithstanding, and I remember very well his writing me a letter when he was in College describing the journey. I kept the letter for

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many years for it was the first I ever received probably, but somehow I have lost it. I think if I had convenient access to the old chest in the garret at the 'Old Place' which contains Mother's letters, I might find some of his. I have turned over rather hastily some of the leaves of Mother's journal written about, the time of your father's birth, thinking I might find something concerning him that would be interesting to you. I dont find many allusions to family matters, which was indeed hardly to have been expected when the household was so small and they were in a new home. Besides, the journal seems to have been kept more as an aid to her religious life than for any other purpose. The entries were usually on Sundays and contained the texts, heads of the sermons, and by whom preached, closing with a prayer for herself, her friends, and as the family grew, for the children individually. I think while writing her journal, she never forgot the birthday of one of the children. I happened when looking it over to find one of these birthday prayers for your father, written on his 39th birthday. I know you will excuse me if I copy a single entry, that for June 13th, 1802. 'The 24th day of May last, on Monday, a little before two o'clock, it pleased God to grant me safe deliverance in the birth of a son. My Mother had been here a month before and has continued with me ever since. Yesterday my Father came to carry her home, and both will stay till tomorrow morning. Oh how great are my obligations to love and bless the Lord! If I am now silent, the very stones will cry out. Every circumstance of my confinement has been ordered in tender mercy. God hath given me a son, a man child and he hath disposed us to give him to the Lord. Accept him, Oh Thou Author of all mercies, let him be raised up to manhood and wilt Thou give us wisdom to train him up in thy fear.' June 20th when your father was baptized was made the occasion of another surrender and another prayer for him and for herself that she might be faithful. This is but a specimen of our Mother's devotional spirit. Her whole journal is studded with prayers as the heavens are with stars. It seems sometimes in reading it as if the mere mention of one of our names was enough to kin-

dle into a flame the hidden fire that ever lived within her breast. It is no small privilege to be able to call such a woman Mother. I think next to our Great Advocate who is ever at the right hand of the Father to make intercession for us, in persistance and power are the prayers of those who gave me birth, and I should not dare to say how far they may not reach, or the favors they may not secure. Who can say it was not her ministry which brought the Comforter into your father's room like a personal presence to strengthen him. Years before as your mother lay dying he had repeated over her those wonderful words in the 23' Psalm which are Psalm and Prayer and Prophecy all in one. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me,' and now they had come to find their fulfillment in his last hours. Who shall say that wife and mother were not active agents in bearing from the Saviour those assurances of his love which are but another name for peace and joy; which even took the place of sight, enabling him to say as if he indeed saw Him, 'It is the Lord' glorifying the sick room as if it were the antechamber of Heaven. But to return. Father's connexion with the Academy at Hadley as Preceptor for several years about this time brought a good many young people into town, as such schools were not so common as now. Our family though rather far away had their share. I have often wondered how mother with so many children of her own could find room for any others. While your father was studying law at Northampton which must have been from 1822 to 1825 o or 26 he was often at home of course and I remember that in the course of his study he was afflicted with dyspepsia so that he was obliged to discontinue it entirely for a time. As a remedial measure he took a journey on foot visiting Lake George and perhaps the White Mountains. I think it must have been a genuine case for he was obliged to be very particular in his diet and I have a dim recollection of the task Mother had in preparing his food. But the home life, the leisure, the journey, with it may be some work on the farm, cured him so that ere long he went back to Northampton. As a matter of personal interest I must mention the acquisition of a spaniel pup which he brought over one afternoon in his silk handkerchief. My pity and admiration were strangely mixed up that night for his cries resounded through the whole house; but he soon became a great favorite. Domestic animals you know are essential to a

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farmstead, but I think such an establishment cannot be complete without an intelligent dog. Hylax well supplied this place for though not large he made up in vigor and faithfulness (to say nothing of his rare beauty) what was lacking in size. I imagine your father must have read law in your Grandfather Mills' office and it was probably in this way that your father and Mother became acquainted. I am writing of things of which you know perhaps more than I do so you will allow for mistakes. I find by some stray leaves of a journal kept by brother Whiting that your father and mother were married in 1828 on one Sunday evening in Nov. The wedding was a very quiet one on account I presume of the illness of Mr. Mills. I remember the occasion well because I wore for the first time a coat with skirts. That was an event to make an impression-a sort of transitional transition point. The garb of boyhood was thrown by the extreme stamp at least of manhood was assumed, and the spirit of the boy was expected to show a corresponding change. But this is hardly the case now. The remark that we have no boys and girls now but only infants and adults however much of an exaggeration taken as a general statement, certainly does apply with a good deal of force in regard to clothing. Boys now slip so easily into the attire of men, or perhaps I might say the habiliments of men and boys get so grotesquely mixed up that the transition period is pretty much obliterated. It is said that fashions revolve. If so, the short pants and long gay stockings so common now among the children may be but the forerunner among grown folks of the breeches with their knee and shoe buckles of a former generation. With my new coat ornamented with brass buttons and in the presence of such grand people as were present at the wedding, I shall never forget how awkward I felt when introduced to Mr. Mills and his lady. There was a long row of us brothers and I have thought since it must have seemed like Jesse of old making his seven sons pass before Samuel. I know I thought your father and mother a very handsome couple and that I believe was the general opinion among those who knew them. Brilliant I think would be the term used in describing them as they moved in society in Northampton at that time. The ground, however, for lawyers was pre-occupied in Northampton and brother soon went to North Adams and opened an office there. The only remembrance of a

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personal nature connected with his stay there was a ride over the hills from Hadley to North Adams in company with sister Bethia who remained there for awhile and brother Theophilus. It was a rare treat. It was just after the heat of summer, the scenery was of the finest and shifting every hour as we wound our way over the hills and up the ravines and through the scattered villages. There was a freshness that gave enchantment to the ride, a jaunt producing for me a picture which after fifty years remains unique and beautiful. The stay in North Adams was not long. In the course of a year or two brother returned to Northampton where I presume some change had occurred which gave better promise of success there. Not long after this about the year 1835 or 36 he with Mr. Hawley became proprietor of the Gazette of which he had the editorial charge excepting the religious department which the traditions of the paper required should be kept under orthodox influence. I believe he rather liked the work. It gave him chance among other things to exercise his gift at repartee and satire of which he seemed always to have a most abundant supply. But it encroached on his time so much that he was obliged to do a good deal of writing on Sunday, at least, I think this was the case, and he gave it up after a year or two. I ~~remember~~ wonder if you remember the fourth of July oration he delivered in Northampton. It was a notable occasion. The people flocked in from the neighboring towns there was a grand procession, and a dinner I presume. Gen. Mosely was the Marshal of the day and came out in full military uniform and splendidly mounted. In spectacular glory he was the hero of the day, but your father managed the heavy ordinance and let off the big guns of eloquence and patriotism to the satisfaction of every one. Really there was some meaning to the fourth of July then. There was the thunder of the genuine cannon. Even the boys if they wanted to make themselves heard, scorned to take anything less than the old revolutionary musket to speak for them. Our processions were not a motley collection of masked ' miserables ' but veritable men with rugged countenances and stalwart frames and if there was to be a feast of reason, the master of the feast had something to say and knew how to say it. But now we have the nuisance of the midnight bell to disturb honest slumber and instead of booming cannon the emasculated snapping of crackers beside which the snarling of an army of terriers

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would be music. Then too, instead of the stately utterances of such men as Sumner or Webster or Everett we must listen to the frothy talk of young orators, who have picknicked on green apples and salads make their little speeches to correspond with the viands in which they have indulged. There was a Lyceum lecture too which must not be forgotten in this connexion. It was much admired in Northampton where it was first delivered, and I think was repeated in some of the neighboring towns. As I remember it, it was a choice collection of moral pictures, descriptions of natural phenomena and showed a very intimate knowledge of and admiration for nature in her different moods. In a letter received from your brother Edward a few days since he says that his father always had what he called a homesick longing for farm life. I think it not strange that with one who has before enjoyed its charms, without having been made a slave to its drudgeries, this may be a common feeling. No doubt one reason for this is, that it brings a man into immediate contact with nature. The wonderful processes of life and growth in its various forms are most fascinating. If we think of it farming may be classed as one of the fine arts. The farmer in a certain sense and in a humble way is a creator, and the enjoyment he may derive in the development of animal life is akin to that of Him who came into the world that he might bestow the highest kind of life and in the greatest measure. Then there is the unfailing freshness that pertains to this occupation. I know men call it dull and prosaic, but the longer I live the more I am impressed with,---what I shall say ? the absence of monotony ? No that does not express it, it is too negative. Everything in Nature teems with novelty. To the boy or girl on the farm , every day brings its fresh surprises. The new life in the shape of a young calf or lamb or brood of chickens is always a new joy however often repeated and in springtime especially the love of color, form and sound is ministered into by Spring flowers or hum of insects or dash of butterfly or plumage and melody of birds in endless succession and it might and should be so with older people. I recall at this moment some of the early summer mornings so lately as while living at Woodside in Hadley. How changed from the night before! It was as if a new picture had been drawn by the Infinite Artist for my especial pleasure. Earth and sky are

written over anew with the finger of God and the world exults in sunlight and song. Each object has a beauty of its own, fresh, perfect, and inimitable. With me, too, this novelty pertains to the seasons no less than to the panorama of the passing days. I believe the first note of the robin or bluebird in Spring even now awakens a thrill not less keen than it did fifty years ago. Long before the housefly tries its wings on the warm side of the kitchen window or the clover bud bursts its winter sheath, I feel as though I must anticipate the season by dabbling in a small way with plant life. I imagine it was some such subtle ties as these that kept alive in your father the charm of rural life. At any rate, I am sure he had a great love for the Old Place for as long as he lived in the Connecticut valley you know he was a frequent pilgrim to the venerable mansion with its well-shaded grounds & its quiet restful ample atmosphere. Especially was this the case as Thanksgiving came around. It seems at this distance as though he were rarely absent on these occasions either on the day itself or the night before. I presume he knew very well that the feast could not be celebrated in all its glory except in the place made sacred by the recollections and associations of childhood. It would be a great omission in a sketch of this kind not to attempt, at least, some account of this day as it was observed in our family fifty years ago, though I am well aware I cannot do it justice. It was one of the days we reckoned by, the dividing line between summer and winter, as well as the day of re-unions and festivities. The season's work as far as the land was concerned, was expected to be done before Thanksgiving and indoors, housecleaning with its vexations must be well out of the way. The winter supply of apple sauce must have been made ere this. The apples from the Mt. Warner orchard had been laid up and a generous quantity of the juice had been boiled down to the consistency of thin molasses with which to sweeten the sauce, for our forefathers were economical. The old cider-mill, which had been all the season screeching its protest against the sacrilegious use of one of Nature's best gifts by turning it into brandy, had uttered its last groan and stood with naked jaws and bending sweep, a ghastly spectacle until another season should compel a renewal of its doleful cries. The apple paring with its array of tubs and baskets and knives and jolly faces before the bright kitchen fire, was completed with the

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hallowe'en games of counting the apple seeds and throwing the parings over the head to see its transformation into the initial of some fair maiden. The great day for the conversion of the apples into sauce had lately come and gone for it must be delayed as long as possible that it may not ferment and spoil It was a critical operation. The stout crane that swung over the huge fireplace was loaded with one or more brass kettles filled with apples sweet and sour in proper proportion, the former being put at the bottom because they required more time to cook. Sprinkled through the mass were a few quinces if they were to be had, to give flavor, while over the whole mass was poured the pungent apple molasses which supplied the sweetening. The great danger was that the sauce should burn and to prevent this some housewives had clean strawa prepared and laid at the bottom of the kettles lest the apples should come in too near contact with the fire. It was an all day process, but when completed an article was produced which was always in order for the table, and which if slightly frozen, was enjoyed by me with a keener relish than the ice-creams of the restaurants of today. I suppose every family has its own way of preparing for and keeping Thanksgiving and it is quite possible if you never spent the week at the Old Place, some one may have related to you the consecutive steps in this (as it was observed then) great festival of the year. But possibly some of your children may be interested to know how their Grandfather and great uncles observed it at their age. Truth obliges me to say that it began like the old Jewish feast of the Passover, with a great slaughter; not of lambs, however, but of equally innocent chickens; and, must I confess it ? on the Sunday evening of Thanksgiving week. I can only say in palliation of this that it was a religious feast or if that does not satisfy the humane instincts of the age, I will add that in those days Sundaywwas universally regarded as beginning at sundown Saturday and ending at sundown on Sunday. Dudley Warner says that though this was the theory practically as far as the young folks were concerned and perhaps not altogether without example from their elders, the Sunday began at candle lighting Saturday and ended at sundown the next day. But Warner as we know, is a great humorist and sometimes goes to the very verge of the actual to make a point, but judged by his own representation our fathers could hardly be called Sabbath breakers because the hen

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roosts were never allowed to be visited until after dark! Will the lawyers admit my defense ? Monday was devoted, of course, to the weekly washing and nothing must interfere with that. Tuesday was the great day for the making of pies of which there were from thirty to fifty baked in the great oven that crackled and roared right merrily in anticipation of the rich medley that was being made ready for its capacious maw. Two kinds of apple pies, two of pumpkin, rice and cranberry made out the standard list to which additions were sometimes made. Then in our younger days we children had each a patty of his own. These were made in tins of various shapes of which we had our choice, as well as of the material of which our respective pies should be composed. The provident among us would put these aside until the good things were not quite so abundant. Was not that a breath equal to the 'spicy breezes of Ceylon' that greeted us as the mouth of the oven was taken down and the savor of its rich compounds penetrated every crevice of the old kitchen like sacrificial incense ? Then as the pies were taken out and landed on the brick hearth, and a number of pairs of eyes were watching the proceedings with the keenest interest it would not be strange if pies and eyes sometimes got mixed up. I remember once quite a sensation was produced in the little crowd because brother Theoph. lost his balance and for want of a chair to break his fall, sat down on one of the smoking hot pies! After cooling and sorting the precious delicacies were put away into the large closets in the front entry or hall which the foot of the small boy was not permitted to profane. Wednesday was devoted to chicken pies and raised cake. The making of the latter was a critical operation. If I mistake not it was begun on Monday. I believe the conditions must be quite exact to have the yeast perform its work perfectly in the rich conglomerated mass. In due time the cake is finished. The chicken pies are kept in the oven so as to have them still hot at the supper. The two turkies have been made ready for the spit; the kitchen cleared of every vestige of the great carnival that has reigned for the last two days and there is a profound pause of an hour or two before the scene opens. The happy meetings, the loaded tables, the hilarity and good cheer that prevailed, checked but not subdued in after years as one and another of the seats were made vacant by their departure to the better land, these are things to be imagined but cannot be described. Warner in his 'Being a boy' says that the hil-

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now-a-days, founded as it is on both religion and philosophy. I remember well the sad look Mother gave brother Theophilus and myself, after our having spent the afternoon in making a hen house

arity of the day is interfered with by going to meeting and wearing Sunday clothes, but our parents managed that wisely by dividing the day, the first half of it being kept religiously, but the afternoon given up to festivity---by no means, however, to common week-day work. This was wise, I say, because it would be almost cruel to allow a lot of young people to indulge themselves to the very extent of prudence to say the least, in eating and then set them down to reading good books. This distinction between relaxation and toil for pelf, is, I think too often forgotten, in making a henhouse, a very cute operation as we thought, but which found no favor in her eyes, as contrary to the traditions of the forefathers. But the day after Thanksgiving it must be admitted had its peculiar pleasures. I doubt if there was any other of the holidays of the year, when we boys felt so strongly the sense of freedom; and it was all the sweeter because it was the last we should have before we were set to our winter tasks. Skating was pretty sure to be one of the sports if the weather had been cold enough to make the ice strong; and indoors there remained for our keen appetites the broken bits of pie and cake, to say nothing of the remnants of the turkey and fowl of the day before, and which were enjoyed with a keener relish if possible than at first. I forgot in its more appropriate place to speak of the roasting of the turkey. This was done in a tin oven with an iron rod running through it and also through the meat that was to be cooked. This was the spit. The meat was fastened to the spit with skewers so that by means of a small crank at the end, it could be made to revolve in order to cook evenly. The oven was in shape something like a half cylinder with the open side to face the fire. But there was a still more primitive way of roasting turkey and one which was resorted to sometimes when our family was at the largest. Room was made at one end of the ample fireplace and the turkey was suspended by the legs from the ceiling where was a contrivance to keep the string turning, and of course, with it the turkey. On the hearth was a dish to catch the drippings and with them the meat was occasionally basted. The thing is accomplished much more easily now, but at an expense I imagine in the quality of the work. It is interesting to observe the universality of some of the customs that were in vogue fifty and one hundred years ago. In looking over the centennial of the churches of Connecticut the other day I came across the remark

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that the festive board so crowded with good things on Thursday gradually took on a plainer and less profuse array of dishes until it ended off on Saturday evening with a simple bowl of hasty pudding and milk. This was in revolutionary times, but fifty years later when I was a boy the same practices prevailed; in fact, hasty pudding and milk was the standing dish for Saturday evening as boiled Indian pudding was for Sundays dinner. I have been reminded since reading this item of a couplet your Uncle William once repeated to me when we were boys.

'For we know Northampton's rule to be
Fried hasty pudding 'long wi' tea.'

Expressive if not elegant!- and it shows that Northampton, bating the slight innovation of the tea, was true to the New England tradition.

One might infer that at this period when the Puritan element still prevailed with considerable rigor, that Thanksgiving being over, there would not be much to break in upon the monotony of the long winter months. This, however, was not the case. Winter was the time for making tea-parties on a large and generous scale. They were not like our modern receptions where seats are supposed to be a superfluity, or like our sociables when people are invited to meet togther and pay for the entertainment. The old-fashioned tea-party,in order to go off well,must not number less than ten or fifteen couples. We were living two miles out, so some one must be sent the day before to give the invitations. Many were the discussions and consultations in respect to the weather, for if a storm should intervene there would be great danger of failure. What a relief it would have been if in those days we could have had the advantage of the Weather Bureau ! Many a tempest in a teapot as well as on the sea might have been avoided if our Grandmothers had only enjoyed the benefit of this achievement of modern science. They had Thomas' Almanac to be sure, but what could Thomas do as a Weather prophet in the face of the Weather Bureau ? His genius would certainly have ~~failed~~ paled before the stern deductions of facts and figures. But the men were close observers of the weather and when they reported the heavens favorable, it generally proved so. Brother T. and myself were generally selected to watch for the guests when they should come, so as to care for the horses. Many a time have we stood

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in the old 'Spaece' fronting the road and listened for the bells and strained our eyes in the duskiness of coming evening, to catch sight of the first gay 'cutter' with its complement of the rosy faces buffalo robes, hoods, caps, etc., of the Hadley farmers. And how our pride was touched if the guests came slowly and there was fear lest all the hitching posts would not be occupied! But they continued to come until the large parlor which was called as you know the 'Long room' was completely lined with as good looking and contented a company as often get together in a country village. Of course there was no centre table or gas-lights, but there were candles on the mantels and on the two small tables one at each end of the room. And besides there was the old fireplace with its big andirons, its two back logs and forestick, filled between with smaller wood glowing like a furnace, crackling and roaring as if in very mirth in anticipation of the festive hours that were to follow. The fashion was to send tea around. This was a most orderly proceeding and was a good test of the executive ability of the hostess. It took a strong and trusty hand to carry the large waiter with its precious burden of old time china ware filled to the brim with the beverage that 'cheers but not inebriates.' As it is ushered in there is a pause in the hum of voices. The salver is rested for a moment on a small table while the minister or some other saintly person asks a blessing on the food. Then the hum goes on with renewed vigor. The tea is passed; buttered biscuit and cakes with the et cetera of the tea table follow, occupying about an hour or so, after which the company change their seats assorting themselves sometimes into groups as inclination suits, so preparing themselves for the evening's gossip, (I use this in a good sense of course) or to discuss more profitable themes as it suits them. A shorter interval of apples and nuts, later in the evening, but before nine o'clock finishes the entertainment. The horse are at length brought out impatient with their long waiting in the cold. We can hardly hold them until the sleigh receives its load and at the given signal dash off to the music of merry bells and creaking snow, the weird light of the moon, as they ride homeward, throwing snow drifts, the gaunt trees and their shadows, and straggling fences, into a thousand shapes. Soon they are all gone, the last notes of the bells are lost in the distance, and we hurry into the old parlor to enjoy its unwonted light. We pull away the fender, and for a little while bathe ourselves in the warmth and comfort of the great fire,

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which is slowly spending itself but whose embers still grow and gleam as if their's had been the scene of some grand holocaust. To the younger part of the family at least, and quite likely to the elder ones also, this is the most enjoyable part of the evening. We gather into a closer circle and discuss again the news of the neighborhood and other small talk of the departed guests. But the evening wanes, the frosty winds are pushing at the windows, the flickering shadows on the walls remind us that bedtime is at hand; Reverently the prayer is offered and we scatter for the night leaving the old room to its accustomed silence and darkness. The moving spirit on these occasions (our Mother) was much behind the scenes but the enjoyment of the hour depended largely on her. Still I cannot even at this distance look back without pride to our dear father as the presiding genius of these entertainments, the grace and dignity of his bearing, his affability and powers of conversation, particularly his gift in the telling of anecdotes, stand in bold outline on the fading scroll of memory. That old time life, looking at it from my standpoint and in its better aspects, how simple and yet how grand it was! I don't indulge in longings for the past, or believe that on the whole 'the former days were better than these' but there is an element of sadness in the thought that the home life as we lived on the 'Old Place' will not be repeated. Ere long 'strangers will stand and feed the flocks' and the 'sons of the alien' will turn the furrows and reap the harvests. It is natural for me to say while thinking of this

> 'I feel like one who treads alone
> The banquet hall deserted.
> Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead
> And all but me departed.'

But there is no need of making oneself unhappy over this. The great movements of society are onwards and this ought to satisfy even the old fogy.

I have lingered so long on the tea-party you will think I have caught its garrulous spirit, so I must curtail what I have to say of another form of social life of the time, viz, the winter singing school. It was a school and yet it was of a kind in which the social element shared largely. It afforded a fine opportunity for the young people to get acquainted, and I

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glean as it their's had been the scene of some grand holocaust.
To the younger part of the family at least, and quite likely
to the elder ones also, this is the most enjoyable part of the
evening. We gather into a closer circle and discuss again the
news of the neighborhood and other small talk of the departed
guests. But the evening wanes, the frosty winds are pushing
at the windows, the flickering shadows on the walls remind us
that bedtime is at hand; Reverently the prayer is offered and
we scatter for the night leaving the old room to its accustomed
silence and darkness. The moving spirit on these occasions
(our Mother) was much behind the scenes but the enjoyment of
the hour depended largely on her. Still I cannot even at this
distance look back without pride to our dear father as the pre-
siding genius of these entertainments, the grace and dignity of
his bearing, his affability and powers of conversation, partic-
ularly his gift in the telling of anecdotes, stand in bold out-
line on the fading scroll of memory. That old time life, look-
ing at it from my standpoint and in its better aspects, how
simple and yet how grand it was! I don's indulge in longings
for the past, or believe that on the whole "the former days
were better than these" but there is an element of sadness in
the thought that the home life as we lived on the "Old Place"
will not be repeated. Are long "strangers will stand and feed
the flocks" and the "sons of the alien" will turn the furrows
and reap the harvests. It is natural for me to say while
thinking of this

"I feel like one who treads alone
The banquet hall deserted.
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead
And all but me departed."

But there is no need of making oneself unhappy over this. The
great movements of society are onwards and this ought to satis-
fy even the old fogy.

I have lingered so long on the tea-party you will think I
have caught its garrulous spirit, so I must curtail what I have
to say of another form of social life of the time, viz, the
winter singing school. It was a school and yet it was of a kind
in which the social element shared largely. It afforded a
time opportunity for the young people to get acquainted, and I

have no doubt many life long friendships were formed there, if not some more close and tender attachments and of as long duration. They had their use too, in bringing out the voices of some who were not thought to have the gift of song. Our sister Bethia was one of them, not ever having been known to sing as others do until after she had been to a singing school. I remember the first singing school was a very dull affair to me from the fact that I was just too young to attend and the long evenings were were sadly tedious. But their recollection is brightened by the thought of the tenderness of our dear Mother, in her endeavors to amuse me by singing some of her old sacred songs to compensate me for my loss of the music in the school. I think in one or two instances she brought out her guitar from the 'Long Room' and sang to its accompaniment, a rare treat. The Christmas holidays as they are now observed were not known in the country towns then. New Year's presents were often made and the 'Happy New Year' greeting was passed when neighbors met each other but with most people we were too near the puritan age to hear the 'Merry Christmas' so common today, without a shock as though it were a profanation. But our Mother seemed to have been a kind of seer in this as in some other things, and before the younger children were too old, St. Nicholas was a well-known personage and the hanging of the stocking in a veritable chimney never proved an idle ceremony. The only legend she ever related to me that I remember concerning the birth of Christ, was, that at midnight all the cattle in the yards or fields might be seen kneeling with their heads turned to the East in adoration of the Wonderful being who made a manger his cradle, as if in their dumb worship they sought a reverential though it might be distant kinship to One who stooped so nearly to their humble condition. I remember the charm that with me attached to the story and the unwillingnesss with which I gave up the illusion when she once told us that in her eagerness to see for herself, she broke the charm by sitting up one Christmas eve, with a companion until the spellbound hour and visiting the cattle yard of her father. Is it not sad that one childhood's faith should receive such rude shocks even before its bounds are reached ? For myself I can say that though since then I have cherished many a vision within the bounds of possibility only to have it marred by the stern realities of life, there is none perhaps that I have given up more reluctantly than this sweet simple legend of the dumb cat-

tle kneeling in honor of the babe of Bethlehem. As the years have passed since, the season has had a growing interest for me. Wherever it is observed in its true spirit it seems as if for a few days, at least, before Christmas, Heaven and earth almost touch each other so intent are all in making others happy. And then the four weeks preceding called by our Episcopal friends 'Advent Season', covering as they do the space intervening between Christmas and Thanksgiving help by their inspirations and hopes to bridge over the darkest season of the year. A year ago, I tried to give expression to some thoughts in verse connected with this subject. They were written on the first Sunday in Advent. Possibly they may have some interest for you, so I copy them.

Advent Hymn.

The autumn wanes---the shortened days
Come tardily---and quickly fly;
The distant sun with slender rays
Faintly illumes our northern sky.

The clouds hang low; their icy chill
With touch of death in all the air
Spreads over field and wood and hill
The weary pallor of despair.

So with our lives; the kindling rays
Of faith and love shorn of their power
Shine thin and pale, while hope's bright days
Fade into doubt's uncertain hours.

Not always thus will shadows lie
Across our path; 'twill come, the morn!
E'en now the teeming eastern sky
Gives promise of the day new-born.

Dear Lord, we patient watch and wait
The hours that hail thy natal day
Yet eagerly we press the gate
That leads along the King's highway.

We list the midnight chorus high
Filling the air with minstrelsy
But list in vain; the plains all lie
In silence like the deep Dead Sea.

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We take the Magi's eastern star
And travel in its holy light
With them our hopes stretch on afar
But still 'tis long delaying night.

Come soon; our hopes within us leap
Like light from morning's fruitful womb
Come; for our souls must vigil keep
Till morning greets thy childhood's bloom.

Oh wisely did the Prophet say
With vision keen through all the night
Of patient waiting for the day
'At evening time, it shall be light!'

I suppose if one had the means of a sufficiently extended observation it would be found that the family life as a unit has its intense period of interest and activity no less than that of the individual. Other forms of life seem to share in this characteristic at least as far as the external aspect is concerned. As a familiar instance of this I might cite the growth of one of our most commonly cultivated crops, that of Indian corn. Though starting under favoring auspices its infancy is generally weak and puny. Under our fitful skies and unfriendly surroundings it makes but slow growth and for the fortieth time we begin to doubt the truth of the old promise of seed-time and harvest until some day the wealth of summer is upon us. Then the noble plant bestirs itself. The great leaves unroll and shoot into the air as if some enchanter's wand had raised an army with its touch. As the warm air breathes over them one can almost imagine that the gentle tremor of the swaying plants is the inarticulate language of its growth. The tassels spring aloft; at every breath the pungent pollen falls in showers on the long silks which have already unfolded themselves and hang in maiden grace and beauty from almost every stalk. All is instinct with life and growth. The pollen finds a way into the very heart of the plant; the open leaves drink in the sunshine and the rain, while beneath the surface of the ground a thousand tiny fingers are laying hold of everything which may contribute to the growth of the embryo lines so safely hidden beneath the swelling ears. Gradually this unwonted activity declines until at length the processes of nutrition completed, the golden harvest peers through the whitening husks while receiving its last ripening touches from the October sun. Something so I imagine was the

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family life at the 'Old Place'. It can easily be divided into three parts; twenty years of young life, of growth it is true, but slow and comparatively superficial, often the sport of a dozen circumstances, chequered with alternate smiles and tears like the sunshine and showers of an April day. Then twenty years of intense life, years of meeting and parting, of marriages and deaths, of the development of charapter, of intellectual growth, of success or failure in business, things which touched our life at vital points, giving an interest almost tragic to the passing years. After this is the season of declining, or should I not rather say, of ripening life ? During the middle period the fountains of the family life had been broken up, some had disappeared; with others new combinations had been formed and these had formed for themselves new courses But the waters had become tranquil now, the stream if narrower was deeper and it bore upon its bosom argosies of faith and hope and love bound for the port where so much treasure had gone before. It is of the middle portion of these sixty years of which I have been writing in my last two letters as you see and what I have to say further will come mainly within that period, for the reason that my recollections are not very distinct previous to 1820 and also because your own will go back to 1840 or near it. Next to your father, the one who stands out with most prominence as connected with this period, that is from 1820 to 1825, is my sister Elizabeth. She and sister Bethia were not far separated in age, but E. was one to impress you with her personality, while sister B. was so quiet in her manners, so unobtrusive in her individual characteristics that in the dim perspective she is almost hidden in the more imposing figure in the foreground. Sister Elizabeth had a clear complexion with black hair and eyes. She had a quick temper which was as quickly laid as raised. She was of an energetic spirit, generous in her disposition and buoyant in her temperament, her ringing laughter being saturated with the very soul of mirth. From her girlhood she was a staunch advocate of woman's rights and as you may judge from my description was well able to defend them in her own sphere and amongst four or five brothers, some older and some younger than herself. These brothers without lacking the common affection a boy has for his sisters, did like occasionally to test her heroic qualities by ill-timed invasions of her own particular realm which you will readily infer was the kitchen and the excuse of the invader would be the particular necessity that he should march across the clean face of the floor with his not over clean boots

just as the mop had done its work. Sister E. had two utensils which were always available on such occasions and I never knew an intruder dare attempt to stand his ground against these potent batteries. I dont know that I ever participated in these skirmishes, indeed I was too young, but I have an indistinct vision of the flashing eyes and glowing face with which she resisted any invasion of her rights. I presume it may have been these traits trained and harmonized that led her to become in after years so earnest in her resistance to the slave power and so true and advocate of the emancipation of the slaves. It must have been when quite young that she undertook the teaching of a private school in the old Academy building for a short time, I think while father was still the principal there. Mrs. Willard's school in Troy was at this time gaining great popularity being widely known as offering superior advantages for the education of young ladies. Sister was placed in this school, whether at her own request I am not able to say, but she improved her opportunities so well that she became one of the teachers there. While she was there Sister B. also became an inmate of the school. As an effect to this, John Willard a son of Dr. Willard came into one family and went to school at the Academy. This was rather a favorite scheme of our parents in their limited circumstances with so large a family and was resorted to several times to get school privileges for other of the children. Almost the only thing I recall in connexion with this school life at Troy, was a journey made by Father in mid-winter to bring home the sisters. Travelling by stage was both tedious and expensive and Father used frequently to make journeys of a hundred miles with his own conveyance. In this instance there came a great snow storm which piled the snow into such drifts as to render the roads almost impassable. But father possessed that quality that leads a man when once he has determined upon an object to be accomplished to pursue it at whatever cost of labor and sometimes with little regard for prudence, so the drifts and cold were only ~~a little more~~ xxxxx occasions for a little more pluck and perseverance. But that line of hills that bounds the western horizon at the 'Old Place' and over which in the summer come breezes laden with the perfume of the woods and flowers, passes, to encounter which requires both courage and endurance. In one of these, all were compelled to leave the sleigh to lighten its load. The horses were plunging and wallowing in drifts with father at their side urging and coaxing by turns

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while the girls followed on as best they could in the half made track. The horses stop from sheer exhaustion when sister B. cries out 'Papa! can't I help ?' The dear saintly soul! That little scene contains an epitome of her whole life. In those four short words I find the key to the long years of patient self-sacrificing service which crown her as one of those who 'walk in white' with the Lord of Paradise. In these recollections I sometimes almost blame myself that I can recall no more of word or act of hers or even incident connected with her. These few words and that little scene which stands out as a picture before me even now are almost the sole mementoes of those early days. But perhaps these are enough. As a revelation of character they certainly are. Her whole life was one of self-abnegation. She would, if possible, hide her own personality in the quiet, nay I might say hidden ways of serving others. Her benefactions were so tender, delicate and timely that they seemed oftentimes like the sweet ministries of our Lord whose subtle blessing could hardly find its object ere He might be away intent on other errands of mercy. I know you will pardon this digression, because in my somewhat desultory sketches, I may not find any other more fit opportunity to speak of this one of our number who so supplemented the lives of each one of us that they would be hardly more than fragments without her and yet whose benefactions were so unostentatious and yet so constant that one might as well attempt to gather in his arms the sunshine and warmth of a summer day as to enumerate them. We all participated in this, but I more than the others, because I for so many years enjoyed her companionship as well as her love. Providence has not given me much of this world's goods but I am rich in having had for so long a time to love and to counsel me, these two Heaven sent gifts, my unmarried sister and my wife.

If sister Elizabeth had any plans for teaching as a life-long employment they were destined to be short-lived as in the year 1824 she was married to Mr. George Fisher. It was a case of love at first sight and under rather peculiar circumstances. While on her way to Troy after a vacation to resume her teaching, Mr. Fisher, who was travelling from his native home in Franklin to Oswego, happened to be a fellow passenger in the stage with her. As was natural, they became acquainted. I suppose it must have been highly satisfactory to Mr. F., but to sister it was an awkward position, being obliged as she was every little while to put her head out of the window to get the natural relief from stage sickness. Probably she carried her-

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self pretty well for Mr. Fisher persevered in his attentions and the result was an engagement. In the spring of 1824 Mr. F. came on to claim his bride bringing with him a Mr. McNair as groomsman. Here to prove the truth of the old saying concerning the course of true love, a slight dilemma arose. This was concerning the performance of the marriage ceremony. At this time Dr. Woodbridge, the minister in Hadley, was instituting a course of petty persecutions against Mother on account of her religious faith. He had made himself so disagreeable that Father could not consent to have him perform the rite and I think that Mr. F. shared in this feeling. A magistrate could do it, but to this Mr. F. would not consent. The law required that the minister of the parish should be called in unless absent. I think this caused a delay of several days until at last Dr. W. had occasion to leave town when Dr. Lyman of Hatfield came over and united the pair to the satisfaction of all concerned. The wedding journey was made as far as Albany in a hack, which carried besides the newly married couple, the driver, Esquire Ben Smith 'mine host' of the Hadley tavern and a young girl who was to be the assistant in housekeeping. It was made safely, I believe, with the exception of one upset which harmed no one and which it does not become me to criticize, since a like calamity befell your Aunt Eliza and myself on a like occasion. I suppose the fitting a daughter with her marriage portion was quite a different thing when I was a boy from what it is now. In my sister's case the linen and I presume the woolens also were furnished from the farm. The rest of the house-furnishing, at least as far as it was obtained at home, was supplied by a Northampton firm, I think Shepard and Pomeroy, who kept a store nearly in front of where the Unitarian church now stands. This Mr. Shepard was the father of Henry and was postmaster for many years as you probably remember. I recollect very well going over to N---n in company with brother Theophilus to drive a fine fat ox which was to help pay for the outfit and this payment was added to from time to time if I am not mistaken by other products of the farm. My sister had the promise of all the flax and wool also I believe, that she could spin, to be made into fabrics. I imagine this would not be considered much of an offer now as a part of the marriage portion but it was gladly accepted by her and I doubt if the little spinning wheel ever knew a more busy season than that which preceded her wedding. The old north kitchen was

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measured beat, her nimble fingers pulling the well-combed flax from the distaff and giving it that nicety of touch which should make the thread fine and even before the flyer should fasten upon it with its irrevocable twist and send it to the spool. I used to rise early in those days and many a morning my first visit would be to the north kitchen for no reason that I know of but to catch sight of the earnest figure and be entertained by the lively hum of the wheel. Then later in the season after the spinning was done, and the yarns woven into the different textures according to the uses for which they were designed came the whitening process. The cloth was put into a large tub and covered with lye. Every morning the pieces were taken out and spread upon the grass and at night were put into the lye again. I used to help in this treatment the homely brown would day by day take on a paler hue until at last the sun would look upon a stainless white and the work would be done. There were two qualities of cloth made from the flax fibre as you know, they were linen and tow. Of the latter I have not so pleasant an impression. After the first dressing the flax was subjected to a process called hatcheling. This separated the tow from the long smooth fibre This tow was carded by hand into little pats which were spun up on the large wheel and made into cloth. It was, when new, rough to the touch and contained a good many fine broken bits of the stalks. This cloth was made up into summer trousers for us boys. You can easily imagine it was no pastime to break in such coarse and stiff material though after several washings it would get to be quite tolerable. Flax is a pretty crop growing with long slender stalks tipped with blue blossoms and afterwards little globes filled with polished seeds. Almost the only thing I remember about the cultivation of this crop was the going up into the field once in midday when the flax was being pulled. There was a woman in the field and near by under the shade of an apple tree was a young child of hers, a mere babe which she had brought with her that she might nurse it without being hindered in her work. It is the only instance of the kind I remember and it shows a wide distance in the customs of today and sixty yearsago.

In these fragmentary sketches, I mean to confine myself pretty much to the Old Homestead and what took place there lest I weary your patience, so while sister is building her home and furnishing it with guests, I mention but a single incident, tragic in its nature and occupying no doubt a large place in the hearts of the parents, but which I must confine to a single sentence---the death of the second child I think, a

In these fragmentary sketches, I mean to confine myself pretty much to the Old Homestead and what took place there last I weary your patience, so while sister is building her home and furnishing it with guests, I mention but a single incident, tragic in its nature and occupying no doubt a large place in the hearts of the parents, but which I must confine to a single sentence--- the death of the second child I think, a measured beat, her nimble fingers pulling the well-combed flax from the distaff and giving it that nicety of touch which should make the thread fine and even before the flyer should fasten upon it with its irrevocable twist and send it to the spool. I used to rise early in those days and many a morning my first visit would be to the north kitchen for no reason that I know of but to catch sight of the earnest figure and be entertained by the lively hum of the wheel. Then later in the season after the spinning was done, and the yarns woven into the different textures according to the uses for which they were designed came the whitening process. The cloth was put into a large tub and covered with lye. Every morning the pieces were taken out and spread upon the grass and at night were put into the lye again. I used to help in this treatment the homely brown would day by day take on a paler hue until at last the sun would look upon a stainless white and the work would be done. There were two qualities of cloth made from the flax fibre as you know, they were linen and tow. Of the latter I have not so pleasant an impression. After the first dressing the flax was subjected to a process called hetcheling. This separated the tow from the long smooth fibre This tow was carded by hand into little pats which were spun up on the large wheel and made into cloth. It was, when new, rough to the touch and contained a good many fine broken bits of the stalk. This cloth was made up into summer trousers for us boys. You can easily imagine it was no pastime to break in such coarse and stiff material though after several washings it would get to be quite tolerable. Flax is a pretty crop growing with long slender stalks tipped with blue blossoms and at terwards little globes filled with polished seeds. Almost the only thing I remember about the cultivation of this crop was the going up into the field once in midday when the flax was being pulled. There was a woman in the field and near by under the shade of an apple tree was a young child of here, a mere babe which she had brought with her that she might nurse it without being hindered in her work. It is the only instance of the kind I remember and it shows a wide distance in the customs of today and sixty yearsago.

very promising boy of three or four years, by being thrown from the carriage in which they had gone to ride with his father.

I have already given in very general outline some of sister's youthful characteristics. To show how these ripened as her family grew up around her, into a broad, earnest, Christian womanhood is more than I shall attempt and there is the less need of it because her children will all 'rise up and call her blessed.' Sister E. as you know was the only one of the dautghters who left the old home to share the fortunes of another and as it was also the first marriage of the children, I think it must have given rise to peculiar emotions in our parents. The pull at the heartstrings is stronger too in the case of a daughter than a son, is it not ? You know better than I do. I remember soon after 'Hiawatha' was published, and while we were reading it, a young friend of ours in Hadley was married and went down into Virginia to live. I had just been reading the soliloquy of the old Arrow maker while straining his eyes to get a last look of his Minnehaha as hand in hand she and the hero of the story vanished in the shadows of the forest. Something so I think Mother must have felt as she let go the hand of her eldest daughter.

'Thus it is our daughters leave us:
Those we love and those who love us:
Just when they have learned to help us:
When we are old and lean upon them
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers;
With his flute of reeds; a stranger;
Wanders piping through the village
Beckons to the fairest maiden
And she follows where he leads her
Leaving all things for the stranger.'

As the years passed after Sister E's marriage the family interest gradually centred in Sister Catherine. She and Mary who was the elder by two years were next each other in age and came just about as near the end of the family chain as Sisters E. and B.were at the beginning: Charles being the first and the older sisters next, with only one (William) intervening and Frederic the youngest with Catherine and Mary next. Whether this fact, a little peculiar in itself, had any effect favorable or otherwise, on the development of the family life, I cannot say, but that it brought each pair of sisters into closer intimacy with each other, would be most natural to suppose; and was no doubt the case. For this reason, as in a former

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letter, my recollections of the elder sister were so blended that I did not attempt to follow the threads separately; I find with the two younger the same disinclination to separate them in my thought as long as they lived together. It was natural that as they were almost always seen together they should be thought of together. I believe this was the way Mother oftenest spoke of them, as the 'little girls.' And yet there were strong contrasts between them. You noticed these contrasts in the other sisters. Sister E. was the one to impress you while ~~dear~~ B. was quite as remarkably unobtrusive and quiet even in her helpfulness. But with M' and E. it was the latter who even in her earliest years possessed, though all unconsciously the magnetic power of impressing her personality upon others, both by her beauty and the aggressive sweetness of her ways. Mary on the other hand was reticent. She had a wistful absent look as if this world were not a familiar place and she were dreaming of something better far away. She showed her unrest by following after her older brothers in their sports, while Catherine revelled in the present. Her cup of life was full to the brim and spilling over continually in little acts of love and service that were as natural to her as to breathe. Mary was like some hidden lake surrounded by hills, whose surface was not often ruffled by storms and whose depths no one had ever sounded while I might liken Catherine to the river at the brink of which I have so often stood of a summer's day 'when the south wind blew softly' rippling the surface just enough to reflect a thousand sunbeams while the little wavelets came trooping in and spent themselves upon my sunburnt feet with a delicious coolness hardly less grateful to them than to my ears the musical plash of the tiny breakers as they kissed the shore. And the contrast in looks was quite as strong as in their dispositions. Mary was of slender but graceful make. Her face was slightly oval and had very little color especially when young. Her complexion was rather light but hardly clear. Her dark dreamy eyes with the finely arched brows were the distinguishing features and seemed to give a sombre aspect to the whole cast of her countenance. Her hair was slightly golden, naturally straight and in time gained a remarkable length. Catherine was a little stouter in form, her face broad and open as the day and she had just that complexion in which nature delights to spread her richest as well as her softest colors. It was easy for me to believe that her eyes were the windows of her soul. Indeed so full of life were they that I revolted at the thought that they should ever see

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corruption. Her sunny brown hair was most abundant and hung in wavy masses about her shoulders. Her smile was the index of her heart, full of love and purity. Indeed as brother William remarked a few days ago, I doubt if any one even those nearest to her could discover a stain of unholy passion upon her brow or taint of impiety upon those sweet lips. You know we sometimes find in nature a wonderful bit of beauty, it may be frost-work on our windows, a few handsful of snow tossed by the winds into wreaths of most exquisite grace, it may be some rare tint thrown upon cloud or sky, or some forest leaf or flower so delicately wrought as to excite our special admiration, as if, humanly speaking the Creator had thrown them off in some exalted hour as a pastime or byplay in His overflowing love of beauty. So, I fancy, He sometimes sends into our world, souls of such marvelous purity and sweetness that we can only suppose he yields once in awhile to the strong yearnings of His nature to show us mortals what a divine thing a human soul may be. Her love was not content to express itself in continual acts of kindness towards those who consciously shared it, but like the Divine love of which it was so bright a type, followed them when they were beyond its recognition. An incident which took place not many weeks before she died, illustrates this. Mrs. Fisher was spending the summer of that year at the 'Old Place' with the children, four of them I think at that time. The twins were little fellows of about two years, beautiful children, interesting and roguish as children of that age often are and almost exact counterparts of each other. Sister Catherine's admiration and love went out for them unrestrained and she never tired in her devotion to them. They had their time for sleep in the ~~afternoon~~ forenoon in the north front chamber, quite a retired part of the house, as you know. On one occasion some one 'having an errand' in the room found her there just feasting her eyes upon them as they slept. In answer to an expression of surprise that she should be there she said that when they were ~~awake~~ awake and running about their features were so changeable she could not catch a perfect image of their looks so she had stolen into the chamber to study their countenances while they were asleep. It was this child this pet of the household about whom as I was going to say the family interest gathered during the last two or three years of her life. I remember when quite a young child she had some disease that endangered her life and a year or two after was threatened with a white swelling. But she recovered from these attacks rapidly and with her elastic temperament was as

happy as ever. Singing was a favorite pastime with the sisters and as they both had excellent voices they enlivened much of their work with song. They were both good spinners on the large wheel and used to have their regular morning tasks in spinning woolen yarn. I think it may have been the last summer of Catherine's life that they used to place their wheels in the corn-house and make it sing with their music until it seemed as though every skein of the yarn had a thread of harmony woven into its very fibre. I wonder if you ever saw the process going on, of spinning on the large wheel ? As a gymnastic exercise merely it was vastly superior to any modern invention. Dancing is vapid in comparison, because though a graceful exercise it is purposeless except as a selfish amusement. Common gymnastics have a purpose but as usually practised, the means and the end are so indistinct that many do not see it. But in this matter of spinning there is not only variety of movement , the unequal but measured tread backwards and forward and the independent action of each arm but behind all there was the purpose which gave power to every movement. Very likely it was owing to the training of the large spinning wheel more than they imagined that the matrons of a former generation were able to appear with grace and dignity in any sphere in which they may have been called to move. I am unable to follow dates very closely, but I find an entry in Mother's journal in the fall of 1829 that sister C. had been very sick of fever and that it was the third attack I think in three consecutive years. The next year she was called away. A short extract from the same journal dated the 13' of June 1830 will show that the season was opening pleasantly and that there was no sign visible of the cloud that was so soon to burst upon us. She says 'It is a long time, many months since I have attended to this exercise of writing, and during that time our lives and health have been spared. Our Whiting (John) has been home from College twice and we are expecting him again soon. William has found employment in keeping a school in Paris, Kentuck -y. Edward has been in New York and is going on favorably in the store. Mrs. Fisher with her children are with us expecting to spend the summer . Our children who live with us are healthy and dutiful and we have a supply for our daily wants. The season is uncommonly favoring. Truly God is kind to the evil and unthankful. He sends us rain from Heaven and fruitful seasons and wherever we turn our eyes, we behold expressions of his goodness and power. This Sabbath afternoon shines with uncommon beauty. Till now the clouds gently dis-

tilled a refreshing rain; since that they are dissipated and everything appears fresh and blooming'. (Your father at this time had left Adams and was in Northampton again.) But this pleasant condition of things was not to continue long. Near the last of July symptoms of fever began to appear in sister C. and she was put upon a spare diet but without any good effect. On Saturday the 24' of August the dear child seemed to have premonitions that her hour was drawing near. Her Sunday hymn was committed to memory and recited and several other little things done which showed that she was preparing for a long absence. Sunday morning found her unable to rise and from this time the relentless fever kept its hold until death ended the unequal conflict. You have lived long enough certainly to be familiar with all the sad concometants of mortal sickness, the doctor's frequent visits looked for with as much solicitude as if he held the power of life and death, the restlessness of the patient that forbids sleep, then the loss of reason, the panting breath, the half-conscious moan, the helplessness of the strongest to procure relief, the steady loss of strength. What nights those were to me! It seemed almost wrong to sleep in the presence of such distress and when I did it was only to wake again, to know that the night lamp was still burning, to hear the faint cry within the sick chamber or to tremble with sudden fear as the watcher would hurry through the long entry down to the kitchen to try some new expedient for the relief of the sufferer. And then the morning when it came, how heavy it was with the 'deferred hope that maketh the heart sick.' The fever had now been running two weeks without abatement in reality though we would try to gather courage at times from some little alleviation. On the third Sunday after the attack however, soon after noon a change took place for the worse. Mother's quick eye discovered the change and knew then how the contest must end sooner or later, realizing for the first time probably that she must lose her darling. Though doubtless feared before the shock when it came was almost overwhelming. She went out into the garden and wandered up and down the walks her whole frame convulsed and hardly able to stand under the load of her grief. I remember father went out and tried to comfort her. I had never seen Mother thus and was awed by the unwonted sight. How long she staid there I cannot say, but I have no doubt that the question of perfect submission to God's will was settled there and then. She came back from the garden sad indeed but calm and strong and through all the painful scenes that followed, her faith never wavered. On the evening of the

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Just about a week from the Sunday afternoon mentioned above, it was all over. The beautiful life had gone, and gone alone into the vast unknown! So we say in our tears and fears. But it is not so. Unless our faith mocks us, there is One who once shared our mortal lot who is Lord of life and death and he has said "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. I go to prepare a place for you and if I go, I will come again and receive you to myself." I shall not try and relate the particulars of the sorrowful scenes that followed. They are too familiar to most of us to need description. There is an experience, however, that stands so vividly before me in my recollection that I cannot forbear alluding to it. It was the morning after we had laid away the mortal form of the dear one, who had been taken from our circle. The sweltering heat of the past few days had given place to the delicious coolness that came with our favorite northwest wind and the sky was without a cloud. There are such days that come to us sometimes in our great sorrows, days when nature seems doing her best to drown our grief by the display of unwonted charms, but there is no feeling in it and I could only regard her gay mood this morning as a bitter mockery of the desolation that reigned within. It was with heavy hearts that we (brother Theophilus and myself) opened the great barn doors preparatory to our days work of threshing. In the quiet that usually prevailed at the "Old Place" the threshing was a pleasant interlude. The flail always with me had the sound of good cheer, of comfort and abundance, and hence, though not always fond of swinging it myself, there was that in its ringing blows that made it almost musical. But I was deaf to every sound of joy, blind to every form of beauty but what was covered in the grave. My heart loathed every cup of enjoyment because it lacked the one ingre-

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dient of her presence whom I should never see on earth again. I ran forward in imagination to the merry days of the coming autumn to the nutting, the huskings, the apple parings, to the family gatherings, the first lighting of the evening fire in the sitting room with its glow and comfort, to the Thanksgiving feast and its uncounted enjoyments. Everywhere was the vacant place and the hush of death! Surely there was no more happiness for me, and so I turned to my heavy plodding round of work. This was youth and inexperience in its first serious encounter with the discipline of life. But I am glad to be able to say that since then I have learned to enjoy much even in the endurance of constant bodily pain as well as in the absence of those whose society has been one of the greatest sources of my happiness.

From the effect of sister's death upon Mother and myself you can form some estimate of what it must have been upon other members of the family, especially Mary. Poor girl! It was as if one half of her life was gone, for although she was the elder, her natural timidity led her to rely on C's. unconscious self-possession, so that when she was taken away she was like some climbing plant whose support is suddenly broken, leaving it to be a hopeless struggle with wind and storm. I doubt if she ever entirely recovered her natural tone, she enjoyed music, learned to play the guitar, and in the years that followed our loss, she was sometimes visiting in Oswego, and sometimes attendingsschool in Hadley, Troy, or Northampton. She became fond of society to a certain extent, but more I think from a feeling of unrest than from any real love for it. She had much ill-health owing in part I suspect to her temperament. There was a vein of something in our family which it would perhaps be vanity, or presumption to call poetic, possibly it was nothing more than a good degree of imagination in which sister M. shared and which in the turn it took with her did not contribute to soundness of body or a bright and joyous life. I remember in this connection that there was on one of the windowsshutters in the library for many years and until a fresh coat of paint covered them these lines by Mrs. Hemans I think, written in pencil

"There were sweet singing voices
In the walks that now are still
There are seats made void in your earthly halls
Which none again may fill."

I have always supposed that these lines were copied by her and I think they throw some light on the working of her inner life. She must have been much given to brooding over the past, but

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In the year 1839 Frederic took his degree at Amherst During the vacation which then preceded the Commencement he took a severe cold by going into the water when heated which settled into a fever. He was dangerously sick and was cared for entirely by the different members of the family, the nursing falling chiefly upon Mother and sisters., Bethia and Mary. He recovered just in season to be able to write and deliver his Valedictory. Soon after Mother and sister Bethia visited the cousins in Lebanon and on their return were taken sick with fever and soon after Mary and I followed. How we were all cared for I hardly know, but the Phelpses were very kind as were other friends in Hadley. Mary was the first to rally and was about before she was really able, but she was incessant in her labors and lavish to the last degree of what little strength she had. While in this condition some friends from Troy called and as they did not come in she went out to the carriage and spoke with them a few moments. The exposure brought on a relapse which terminated fatally on the 14th of October. I had been very sick but was recovering as were the others. I took very little note of time or events, but was conscious of her coming into my room early and late to see that the nursing and medicines were properly attended to, bending over me with those dark eyes to give and get a kindly look, when she herself ought to have been upon the bed and under a nurse's care. An extract from Mother's journal brings to mind afresh the sadness of those days. Under date of Oct. 26th '39 she writes 'The time and events since the first of September seem more like a troubled dream than a reality and yet the vacant seat at our table- the want of a thousand kind and pleasing attentions we were wont to receive, the solemn scenes of parting and the agony of death, all these make it a most affecting reality that, one of our number is gone. The cherished one, sho who, on account of her frequent infirmities was shielded by her friends from the rough blasts of outward hardships, has fallen a victim to her anxiety and affection for her friends. The firmness and composure which she showed seemed to remove the sting of death. We think it a mercy to be restored to health and yet we try to think it well when our friends are removed. It is well; God's will is done and for this we should praise him.' In words like these did she endeavor to fortify her faith while her prayers besieged Heaven in behalf of those children who were spared to her. Indeed in reading her journal during

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those twenty teeming years I can only compare our Mother to some faithful soldier to whom is committed the task of bringing the household of a king from a distant province through an unfriendly country to the capital of the empire, whose loyalty and devotion were so ardent that he would gladly give us his own life rather than that one of those intrusted to his care should be lost. But she was not content with this; she would lay hold of those by the wayside and by the sweet compulsion of her prayers, compel them to be her allies and escorts. If we speak of vigilance, persistence or fertility of resource, of courage and endurance, Stanley's famous march through the African wilderness to the ocean was as much inferior to it as Earth is to Heaven; and as she saw one after another enter the Palace portals and vanish from her sight she could say though through blinding tears 'Father, I thank thee.'

I have lingered too long perhaps on the loss of these young sisters and yet I am conscious that they left behind them such treasures of love, such tender recollections and cheerful hopes that we are richer far than if they had never lived, so I have let my pen run on. And there is still another short passage in the closing scene of sister Mary's life which as I am speaking of heart experiences you will pardon me for recording. She died about ten P. M.. She had been conscious of her condition, but calm and trustful. About two hours before she got her release, however, a gloom deeper than the valley of the shadow of death came over her and her cries as if from deadly fear rang through the house. We could but ask in our redoubled grief 'Was it possible that some fiend from the abodes of the lost, writhing in his self-imposed and hideous agony had come to scare and harass this timid soul ere she should get forever beyond its power ?' How our hearts did bleed in our helplessness to relieve her. We said indeed

'On thee foul spirits have no power
And in thy last departing hour
Angels, that tread the heavenly road
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.'

But the piercing cries almost staggered our faith. We can face our mortal foes, some of us at least, without blanching. We can bring our skill to bear upon disease of the body with courage and hopefulness because we know something however little, of natural law, but when we come to the great realm of spiritual forces and try to penetrate their mysteries, we are only awed and bewildered. We can ask questions enough. Are

there evil spirits ? What are their limitations ? Do they ever come to vex and torment mortals and why ? These and other questions press us as all are called to witness such scenes as I have here attempted to describe, but for answers we must wait. We have hints in the Book of contending powers, beyond our sight and ken. We know that he who leads the heavenly hosts is "Faithful and True" and that the final victory will be His, but of the details of the conflict, the deep depravity of the enemy, of its craft and boldness, its heartless cruelty and desperate perfidy, we only know enough to make us watch and wait and wonder" till One shall come to us and explain its perplexing problem.

In reviewing this epistle I find that figuratively speaking I have used sombre colors, but life is not all sunshine. We need the occasional chill, the cloud and storm to make us robust and vigorous. I have often noticed in Nature that a long season of calm and warmth and sunshine produces a weakly growth of plants, and that in order to their best development there must be frequent alternatives of heat and cold, wet and dry. Both philosophy and religion demand that we conform ourselves to this beneficient order of things so that the discipline of life may not dwarf but make us more strong and more fruitful. With which sage reflection I, for the present bid you Adieu.

Amherst, March 15'
1882.

In a former letter I alluded to an expedient adopted by my father more than once, to secure the advantages of schooling abroad for some of the children, by an exchange of board in families of his acquaintance. I must not forget to notice another device of his to help in the growth and furnishing of the outer man as that was for the miner or intellectual part. This was in connecting himself with some village merchant in the way of a partnership. There were several advantages attending this. He could share in the profits of the business could get his goods at wholesale prices and occasionally turn in a boy as clerk to help pay running expenses. There were four of us boys with no intervening sisters and only two years difference in our several ages. Edward, Whiting, Theophilus, and myself. William used to call us spring calves, because the most of the birthdays came at that season. It must have been a steer team in point of effectiveness on the farm and I presume our parents considered it wise sometimes to scatter their forces. The first of these partnerships was with a Mr. Loomis of Whateley, a small town, some five miles from us northwest and on the other side of the river. Mother had an aged Aunt living there at the time and also a Cousin, Mrs. Wells, a most excellent motherly person, whose hospitality we shared many times while father was connected with the store. The pleasantest and, in fact, almost the only experience was an excursion one soft afternoon in June, made by brothers ~~William~~ Whiting and Theophilus and myself for the purpose of gathering wild strawberries. Edward was, I think then a clerk in the store. The only fact I remember connected with the picking of the berries was that we were careful to throw the first we found over our heads so as to insure good luck. At this distance of time the whole scene remains in my mind like the memory of a poem, in which without ~~mad~~ much coherence of parts, there was the the freshness of early life, the thrill of a new and wider vision and the sweetness of an early summer's day. I think Edward must have ben intended by our parents rather early for a merchant. He was not, as I recollect, very constantly on the farm and when this was the case I imagine it was not ~~very~~ pleasant for him, for though well-disposed, he did not have that practical turn in farming which would lead him to accomplish his ends and bring in his forces at the end of the day in good cheer and unimpaired. Disasters of some kind were frequent: then there would come correction and consequent discouragement. And he,

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being the oldest of the four and mainly responsible would have to bear the heaviest share of the blame. Perhaps it was the close attention required to details in farm work that made him so unfortunate. He was one of the most hearty haters of littleness I ever knew. He had a large and powerful frame, the most so perhaps of any one in the family and it carried a large heart. His physiognomy was peculiar.

He had a high retreating forehead, eyes deep set and rather near together, projecting brows and a nose that might have entitled him to a place on Napoleon's staff. He was not handsome and the cast of his countenance as it appears in the only photograph we have, is almost severe, but his kindly disposition, his self-control and power to conceal from his friends anything that might be giving him pain or trouble, made him a favorite in the family circle.

The partnership at Whately did not last many years and at its close father formed another with a Mr. Jones at North Hadley who was a watch maker as well as merchant. Edward was at this store a good deal and in time Mr. Jones sold to him and father. In those days letter postage was very high and this with our scattered family made our correspondence expensive. The North Hadley people, always enterprising began to feel the need of a Post Office of their own and as the business of the store m made the communications with the village more frequent, father joined with the people then in petitioning for an office. This was granted on condition that the government should pay be at no expense in the transportation of the mail from the old office in Hadley. Father agreed to transport the mail if he could be appointed postmaster with the privilege of franking his letters. There was not much money in it, but it facilitated correspondence very much and as father always had boys and horses enough it was no great burden. The business of the store flourished moderately. In the meantime Whiting who was next Edward was growing up to man's estate and it was necessary to decide upon some plan for his future. Edward was to be a merchant and W. had been helping him somewhat in the store but did not like trade. He spent the summer of 1825 with William in Medford who had a school there at that time. He became interested in study and after spending another summer on the farm determined if possible to get a college education. Of course the first question was as to the means. Father was ready as he always was to give all the help in his power such as board and clothes, but the college expenses he could not meet. This main reliance now was the farm and he well knew the income from

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this source was not more than enough to meet ordinary expenses. He could have borrowed money but this he did not feel at liberty to do. Our family had always to endure the misfortune of being accounted wealthy. I consider it a misfortune, for people in this condition are constantly tempted to live beyond their means in order to keep up appearances, or perhaps to avoid the imputation of meanness. And the facilities for running in debt are always greater when this is the case. I believe with Whiting it was determined he should fit himself for college and then go on if the way should open. It was opened by brother Edward who nobly offered to pay his college bills as they should become due, trusting to his increased business and the profits thereon to give him the ability. This was a good illustration of Edward's readiness to help and I doubt if his assistance would have been any less freely offered had he known that he should never receive anything from his advances other than the heartfelt gratitude of the family. Edward was ambitious. He would do a large business and acquire a fortune. But he wanted money chiefly for the power it would give him to be useful. We, as you know, are not a money-making family and perhaps it was ordained that Edward should not make an exception to the rule. By the time he had made a good start a man from the eastern part of the county who had many connexions in the village, made known his intentions to set up a rival store. The place would not support two establishments and to avoid the risks of an unpleasant and perhaps protracted rivalry, he sold out. It was a great disappointment to him as he had started under the disadvantages of want of capital and had built up a good trade of which he had hoped to reap the fruits. However, he made the best of it, and ere long he went into trade again, this time in Northampton in connexion with J. S. Lathrop. He did not continue there long though why I am unable to say. This was about the time when land speculation in Maine was quite ripe. By some strange fascination E. was drawn into it. There was a distant relative of the family one Selden Huntington who seems to have persuaded him to join with him in the purchase of a tract of land in New Brunswick I believe. He spent one or two winters in the woods getting out logs, and in the spring drove them down the streams to have them sawed up into lumber. After spending a great deal of time and labor and money in this enterprise which proved worse than fruitless he came back and went to work for a firm in New York, not to remain there long however. The Chickpee Falls Co., of which it is my impression your Uncle Charles Mills was a member, wanted a book-keeper and offered him the position, which he accept-

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and the few remaining years of his life were spent in what was then called Cabotville. Here he found a sphere in which his true worth was recognized. He was a good accountant, had the confidence of the Company, was affable with the workmen, and was public-spirited in whatever related to the prosperity of the village. If not one of the founders of the Unitarian Society there, he was always its ardent supporter. He was active in the Sunday School, taking the pains among other things to write out in detail a form of service for the School. He was also for some time editor of the Cabotville Chronicle. And these varied labors did not prevent his making frequent visits to the 'Old Place' often on foot, where it is superfluous to say he was warmly welcomed. It is remarkable that though his business must have at times caused him much anxiety, he never allowed his troubles to come to the surface in the home circle. And this was the case in his correspondence as well as in personal social intercourse. Through whatever desert of anxiety and disappointment he may have been passing, however wasted his resources, or deep the poverty of his spirit he always had in the secret springs of his life some chalice of rare wine fresh from the vintage of Heaven to pour out as a love offering to his friends. I think that with him life as a scene of discipline was a prominent if not the ruling idea and in the distribution of authoritative powers the soul was supreme subject to God alone. Before him he was reverent, obedient, humble. In short he was truly religious, but his intellectual and physical powers were his servants. They were to be within call and if they proved incompetent or refractory they were drilled until they should do his bidding. To this, I suppose he owed his power of abstraction ofmind and concentration on any particular subject and also that endurance of physical exertion which would enable him to undergo the rigours of a lumberman's camp in winter, to sleep on a bare board, to do a half day's work at gardening before breakfast or make a trip of 18 miles on foot after the office work of the day was over. It must be admitted that in the demands made on the lower parts of his nature, he was sometimes imperious. There was less danger of harm, however, to his intellectual than to his physical man, for the reason, that not being a student he had no drafts made upon his mind by long-continued thought and investigation in any particular line. His studies were but as interludes between business tasks and though helping to give symmetry to his life were to be regarded rather as recreations than exacting labors. But it was not so with his physical frame. Large and powerful as it was it had its limitations

and because of this, because it could not keep pace with the generosity of his spirit, it fell a sacrifice to it. A sudden rise in the water connected with the mills endangered the Company's property and at great personal risks, fatal as it afterward proved, he succeeded in securing it. The exposure brought on a cold from which he never recovered and which in a few months terminated fatally in consumption. As mother remarks in her journal dated on his birthday only a year or two before his death 'he had had a rough time of it so far', but just now his prospects were brightening. He was in the enjoyment of a most delightful home, having married, as you know, a daughter of Dr. Williams of Deerfield. His social relations were becoming wider and more pleasant and he was on the eve of being advanced by the Company who employed him to a position where his duties would be less arduous and his pay enough increased to admit of his living comfortably in the wider sphere he was to occupy. All his life, fortune had been making him promises and now just as they seemed about to be realized at the prime age of 36, he passed beyond the changes of this world to the rest and stability of Heaven. Brother Edward was a good correspondent and I used to value his letters highly. A few extracts from some of these letters which you will find added to these reminiscences, with perhaps some other matters, may interest you, as showing something of his qualities better than any description of mine could do.

In these sketches it has been my intention to speak only of those in the family circle who have left us. With regard to Edward and Theophilus especially the latter, your recollections must include much of their later years, but E. you never knew intimately and of brother T's boyhood you know nothing, indeed one's boyhood is not often eventful, but these are two reasons why I allude to this season in the case of brother T., the one, because he was the only one of us all who was thoroughly out and out a farmer. He was such not from compulsion, but from choice. He loved farming, gloried in it. He was not insensible to excellence in other pursuits. He could make money in trade, but did not seek it except in the disposal of the produce of the farm. I always thought him a terse and perspicuous writer whenever he put pen to paper, but he himself placed a low estimate upon his powers in that direction and rarely attempted anything excepting in the way of correspondence. But the farm he delighted in. To raise young cattle, to train steers for the yoke, to grow large crops, to

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to mow as much grass in a given time as the next man (this was before mowing machines were used) to have a farm complete in all its appointments, these, as far as business was concerned were some of the things he considered worthy of his ambition. I think it must have been his enthusiasm that drew me into a liking for this kind of life. Its independence and its privileges of contact with nature, in other words, its aesthetic aspect, was always attractive, but I think there must have been in my constitution some vis inertiae which made me slow to to take to manual labor. Brother T. and myself were always making miniature carts and sleds and getting home our small loads of hay or wood, and great was our triumph when we could go to the mountain lot and bring home a load of wood with steers of our own breaking. But I do'nt recollect that I ever took the initiative in these things. Thomson's Seasons was a favorite book with me in my youth, because I could enjoy all the charms of rural life without any of its toil or sweat. I well remember there was a time when Theophilus committed to memory those lines in "Lost Paradise" where Adam addresses Eve whom he finds sleeping late one morning after a night of troubled dreams.

'Awake: the morning sun shines and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the time to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed
How nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.'

After rising with the birds and attending to the wants of his large family at the barn with the zest of an amateur he would come up to our room fresh with the exhilaration of the early day and repeat over me these lines as though he were another Adam and I a naughty Eve sleeping when I should have been gathering honey 'like the busy bee' in helping him keep the garden trim. The winter of 1826 and 27 he spent at Lexington Mass. with brother William who at that time kept a boarding school there. He must have had a very pleasant winter. There were some nice young ladies in the school particularly the daughters of Esq. Phinney a prominent man in the town and something of a fancy farmer I believe. Brother William encouraged private theatricals to some extent, partly I suppose as a pastime and this brought the people of both sexes together socially to the advantage probably of both, but certainly so to the boys. Theophilus came home in the spring blooming in health and spirits. To me at that time he was, in form as well as in feature and expression, a young Apollo. The soft brown hair determined to be in ringlets all over his head, the liquid speak-

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How nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

After rising with the birds and attending to the wants of his large family at the barn with the zeal of an amateur he would come up to our room fresh with the exhilaration of the early day and repeat over me these lines as though he were another Adam and I a naughty Eve sleeping when I should have been gathering honey "like the busy bee" in helping him keep the garden trim. The winter of 1829 ~~and~~ 27 he spent at Lexington Mass. with brother William who at that time kept a boarding school there. He must have had a very pleasant winter. There were some nice young ladies in the school particularly the daughters of Esq. Phinney a prominent man in the town and something of a fancy farmer I believe. Brother William encouraged private theatricals to some extent, partly I suppose as a pastime and this brought the people of both sexes together socially to the advantage probably of both, but certainly so to the boys.

Theophilus came home in the spring blooming in health and spirits. To me at that time he was, in form as well as in feature and expression, a young Apollo. The soft brown hair determined to be in ringlets all over his head, the liquid speak-

ing eyes, the faultless features, the clear complexion, the open countenance, which was but the index of his honest heart, all these were constant sources of admiration with me, and very likely some baser feeling mingled with it. It seemed for weeks after his return as if he were living over again the pleasant scenes of the winter. He was so frank and guileless that he seemed to have no secrets, but wanted others to share in the romance of those school days, and in living them over again, the witchery of female charms, school tasks, occasional trips to Boston and the tempting attractions of the drama were strangely intermingled. But in it all he never lost his love for farm life. Looking at him as he then was in the exuberance of his young life, I remember with what revulsion of feeling I forecast the time when the sun would have browned his face, when his hands should have become hard and stiff, and his spirits tamed by continual labor. He was oblivious to all this. With him, nothing was too good to bestow upon his chosen work. As Whiting was at home at this time, it was determined that he, Theophilus and myself should take the farm on shares as it is called. At the close of the season Whiting began to prepare for his collegiate course and the next year father managed the farm himself with Theophilus to help him while I spent a part of the year at the academy. The year following which was 1829 brother T and I undertook the management of the farm and continued it until he married in 1837. When this arrangement was entered into, we were 16 and 18 years old respectively.

My allusion to brother Whiting reminds me that in these reminiscences of life at the 'old place', in which without much method I have glanced at the salient points in the history of those of the brothers and sisters who have gone on before, this mention of a name reminds me that I have come to the end of a goodly company. To my mind they all stand out with an individuality of their own, though I am not sure this will appear so distinctly to you as to myself. However that may be, I feel confident that if I could succeed at all in representing the characteristics of this dear brother, his personality would be readily acknowledged as more strongly marked than that of any other of the family. Perhaps this may have been owing to the strong contrasts of which he was made up. When he was a little fellow, tall enough to run about, but not tall enough to open a door, he was getting out when an opportunity offered, so that it became necessary when any one went out to give the warning 'shut the door or Johnny will go out.' He was even

then so fond of jokes though at his own expense that he learned to give the warning himself. As a boy, though kindly in his disposition he was wilful and though jocose and fond of repartee with his friends he was irascible and when thoroughly aroused was often sullen for a long time, sometimes for days, refusing to speak with any one. He was growing up with these serious defects in his character until his seventeenth year when he spent a summer with brother William who was teaching in Medford. It proved a valuable change for him. I could see it myself though four years his junior and I have heard Mother speak of it as the turning period of his life. Some celestial spark had found lodgement in his bosom, which though it might smoulder long, was destined one day to set his whole soul aflame. A year passed in which at least there was this much progress that he had formed a purpose to get if possible an education with reference to the ministry. He began study in the autumn of 1827 and in a year was ready to enter college. To save expense, however, he determined to spend the first year in studying with a private tutor and enter as sophomore. A part of this year he was with your father in North Adams. His intellectual progress was rapid but his moral and religious growth was still more marked. His selfish wilfulness gave way to courage and persistency in duty though it might lead to self-sacrifice, the fiery spirit was subdued to gentleness and serenity; the sullen temper was made sweet and forbearing. We stand dazed sometimes before such transformations and then go to construing ingenious theories to account for them, but I think the simple explanation is that they are of Heavenly origin and that the force that produces them travels eastward (earth) on the lines of prayers. It was interesting to note also how the intellectual and moral sensibilities statring as it were simultaneously quickened each other. As the new life began to expand and look abroad for its work, it saw the advantages to be gained by moral training and so this as it followed led to the discovery of new truths and their bearings; thus marking broader and deeper the foundations of the religious nature and so on in increased ratio until in the last year of his college course (and which proved the last of his life) his whole nature seemed to have become fused into one ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ overflowing desire to make the most of life possible. Besides keeping up with his class in his studies he wrote and published quite a long dissertation against the use of emulation in college studies. He also paraphrased the Book of Revelation; always, I believe, kept the family indebted to him in correspondence, was full of schemes and suggestions for the bettement of his friends and

and ready with counsel and encouragement wherever it might be needed. During the winter of this year (1832) he kept a school in West Cambridge. Having considerable distance to walk, he conceived the idea of composing hymns on his way back and forth. In this way he produced a hundred hymns and copied them neatly in a little book. A part of the time, at least, while in college he roomed with the late Dr. Bellows, being of the same class I believe, though Bellows was some years the younger. Brother was faithful in his religious duties but not ostentatious. Bellows seemed at first indifferent. Afterwards he wanted Whiting to read aloud his chapter in the Bible before bedtime. At length I think he took his turn and so was led along step by step until he took his stand openly as a Christian. We can only conjecture what might have been the career of one whose opening life was so full of promise. But his earthly work was over within ten days of the close of his last college term. Before this he had a short but severe illness from which he seemed to recover, but soon after he came home he had another similar but more alarming attack which in a few days proved fatal. The doctors were at a loss as to the nature of the disease, but a post mortem examination showed it to have been cancer in the stomach. A few hours before his death, feeling he had not long to live , he had each one of the members of the family called to his bedside and in a few words of exhortation suited to each particular case he bid them farewell.

"The voice at midnight came
He started up to hear
A mortal arrow pierced his frame
He fell,--but felt no fear."

So, dear niece, my story is told, and yet it is not half told. Beneath these faint outlines which I have attempted to draw, there is the secret life, the veil that covers, which it is not for mortal hand to lift. I am content if I shall have awakened in you any deeper interest in some of those with whom I once walked hand in hand, and who contributed in so many ways known and unknown, to my happiness.

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A d d e n d a .

Under this head I propose to make some additions of a miscellaneous character, which will appear as I proceed but which is not essential to the Narrative. And first, in regard to the Old Homestead where the family life centred. It was Father's intention that each of the children should have a portion while he and Mother were living if possible. For the two older brothers, it was a college education. In Mrs. Fisher's case, it was her marriage portion. When brother T. and myself became of age, our parents set off what was estimated at $2000 worth of land from the north end of the farm. Sister Bethia's portion was secured eventually in the same way. When brother Edward died he had debts to the full amount of his portion besides what he had advanced on Whiting's account. In the end Frederic's expenses for education came out of the farm and as Father was anxious that these affairs should be settled in his lifetime, considerable land was sold circumscribing the farm and of course limiting the income considerably. But as I have said before our parents were always glad to make sacrifices for the education of their children. When our former neighbor William Dickinson left town, now many years ago, a tract of woodland and pasture joining the old farm on the east, came into market and as the mountain lot had been broken into by sales and was distant as well as inaccessible, I suggested to brother Frederic who was likely to own the farm or had already bought it that the mountain lot should be sold and the Dickinson lot bought to supply its place. This was done and the farm now lies in one body, a fine wood lot being on the eastern portion. This with the Phelps farm which you know lies alongside of the 'Old Place' and which was once included as a part of it, are now among the best farms in Hampshire County.

Family Physicians.

It is a little curious that in so large a family as ours is, none among the brothers or their descendants is known as practising the healing art. Brother William studied medicine and practised with old Dr. Bell in Hadley for a short time, not long enough to get the Dr. prefixed to his name. But that the profession has been well-known by the family you will readily infer when I tell you that within my recollection I can count no less than eight family physicians. The first of these whom I always knew under the title of Old Dr. Goodhue stands out before me still as the model of a family doctor. He was truly a gentleman of the old school. His white locks and dignified

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bearing, his oracular utterances tempered with the kindliness of his nature seem almost as fresh now as sixty years ago. We used to have almost unlimited faith in his skill. I well remember in what estimation Mother held him, especially how in his treatment at one time of our little sister Catherine, he seemedto bring her back almost from the gates of death. The treatment of fever when consisted in bleeding and then giving calomel until a sore mouth was produced, which under proper conditions I believe was considered a sign that the critical period was passed. In answer to some one asking him for an explanation of this treatment his reply was that it was like one devil casting out another. This would be called absurd now, but I suppose the homoepathic practice goes pretty much on that principle. The doctor was very constant in his attendance at church, setting an excellent example to many of the same profession in our later days. He used to occupy the first slip in church directly opposite ours and I have since admired the equanimity with which he took the thunderbolts that were rained down on him from the pulpit over his head. He was a conscientious hearer too, and would many times stand through the sermon lest he might be caught napping and so lose his full share of the preaching.

Ministers and Denominations.

If the number of physicians in our family was unusual, the number of ministers settled in parishes in North Hadley, Hadley and Northampton whom some of us were in the way of hearing preach more or less constantly was more remarkable, I can count of them some thirteen or fourteen, five in the Unitarian Society in Northampton, from the conservative Dr. Hall to the transcendental Mr. Dwight, and on this side of the river eight more representing the different shades of Orthodoxy, from the popish dogmatism of Dr. Woodbridge to the liberal, gentlemanly, classical Dr. Dwight of the Russel Church Hadley. Whether this has had anything to do with the free religions thought of the family I cannot say, but the existence in the two first generations of affinities connecting them with four and perhaps five different denominations would seem to show that no ecclesiastical yoke has borne very heavily upon them. For myself I can see that this familiarily with different forms of religious faith has been of great advantage to me. In the examination of any subject about which there are different opinions I prefer looking at it from different points in order to discover if

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possible what is sure ground and what false. Hence I am thankful that I was compelled as it were to hear things from which I dissented that I might the more readily discover whether my own position was weak or that of the one from whom I might differ. This fearlessness in the examination of religious opinions and practices has given me also the advantage of selecting from other denominations anything that is true which may help me in my religious opinions among my nephews and nieces, so long as they are based upon convictions derived from a careful study of that great source of religious truth,--the Bible.

Extracts from brother Edward's letters.

The following was written when E's fortunes were probably at the lowest ebb:-

"You must have received my letter to Fred announcing my determination to go to Cabotville; since writing that I have sustained a serious loss in which I need your sympathy. The labors of the day were closed, the evening meal was silently consumed and while I was surveying with a miserly eye what remained and congratulating myself that my stock on hand was sufficient to supply the wants of another day, I complacently folded up the paper containing it dividing my thoughts further between the propriety of giving to my simple fare the general cognomen of "To be continued" from the striking simularity existing between each meal, the excellent state of my general health and my creditors. I awoke in the morning, came down, and performed the bath and toilet and everything appeared right, while I was philosophizing on the nature and origin of dreams. It was soon time to address myself to my "To be continued." I approached the paper. It did not look as when I left it. I suspected foul play. An examination was had. Of three biscuits and two buns only the scalp of one remained! Imagine my chagrin and despair. What influence this occurrence had in determining me to leave the city I do not like to say! Since I have determined I have thought I may have acted under the influence of excitement and impulse. Since I have resolved (for you know that it is not till after the act that we too often see and judge aright) I can not help feeling a pang at leaving these rats, mice, mosquitoes, and flies,--the only living companions I have had in my domestic life while here. Henceforth they must hum their hymns, sing their songs and jig their jigs without me to amuse and pay the reckoning."

The following extract of a letter dated in Dec. 1840 about a year before he was married shows something of the spirit with

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The following extract of a letter dated in Dec. 1840 about a year before he was married shows something of the spirit with

which he lived and pursued his work. At this time, in addition to his duties as book-keeper for the Falls Co., he had charge of the newspaper in Cabotville.

"The man who has to cater for the news-reading public, must forego the pleasure of sitting down to one or two good newspapers as an enjoyment. He must take it up as a business and turn off so many a day or an evening as a task, going through with the work more with a view to what will interest others than himself. There is, however, much individual benefit resulting from it. Not the least of which is the aid afforded the judgment in appreciating things and discriminating between the valuable and the frivolous and worthless. Thus we have news from all parts of our own country and the world, the geographical situation of places, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, history of distinguished characters etc. This awakens a desire for knowledge which by being kept short in its indulgence from the pressure of daily duties and yet not extinguished because of their importunity, gives to the current of life an agreeable flood, gentle but always strong and onward. To many my condition would look solitary and forbidding, but to me life is full of enjoyment and I question if it can be much happier. I am near those I love—and yet not quite so near as I would like to be. I have an agreeable circle here,—not quite so agreeable as I could wish, I am free in my movements,—not quite so free as I hope to be, I have a world of personal enjoyments,—but not quite so many as I hope to have. Thus you ssee I am contented and happy,—but still not in possession of so much as to leave nothing to be desired."

Cabotville, Dec., 20", 1841.

"You spoke sometime since of extemporaneous prayer, its propriety, its embarrassments and inquire my opinion of it. From our proneness to fall into habits, there is much danger that this exercise be deprived of its power for good by making use mechanically of set forms of speech. When this is the case it it becomes a cold hypocritical ceremony, still even in this case the mind is likely to act some and occasionally the heart will suggest to it some want which it will utter or some favor granted which it will acknowledge. Every one it seems to me should daily hold some intercourse with his conscience and his God. How else are the infirmities of our nature to be overcome ? If we have an avocation to which we are attached, the mind resorts to it constantly and will gather from other occupations suggestions to aid us in its prosecution. So if we

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accustom ourselves to daily prayer, we shall in the intercourse of life see our deficiencies, our dependence, our temptations, our wants, virtue, languishing, zeal growing cold, self seeking its narrow individual ends, the interpositions of an over-ruling providence, the beautiful agency of nature in man's well-being, and the certainty that a high degree of happiness will be secured by following in the practice of the precepts which a glorious revelation has furnished us, and all these in their widely extended relations we shall bring as sacrifices to the altar.' 'In prayer each one should suit himself to his peculiarities in his expressions. To frame speech into the expression of a want is the first exercise of language, and from the expression of physical, we easily come to express moral and spiritual wants.' I add to these extracts a part of a letter written by brother Whiting only about three weeks before his death.

Cambridge, July 5th, 1832.

Dear brother Theodore;-

Your last letter gave me a very hiigh degree of satisfaction in every particular excepting the accounts of sister Mary's ill-health. I felt very much saddened that her fears for her own safety had produced so much effect upon her bodily health. And this may serve perhaps partially to explain my abrupt introduction of the subject in the last letter to Father. Indeed in thinking over the letter after it was sent, I somewhat doubted whether it would be fully understood. It really gives me much pain to know that she is so unhappy. Still I am persuaded that if she should live through it, it will be a very great blessing to her to have staid there (at Troy, I suppose) even for so short a time.'

'Affairs begin to wind up here with considerable rapidity in the college line. I wrote my last forensic dispute and read it a few days ago. I have written my last theme and expect to have it corrected soon. The last book has been finished and we are now on the review. The class have declaimed for the last time and very soon the whole routine of exercises will be swept entirely away. Then farewell Old Harvard. With all her vexations I love her still and shall hang around her walls with many heavy thoughts. The partingwwill never be effected without costing me a bitter pang. But I must away.'

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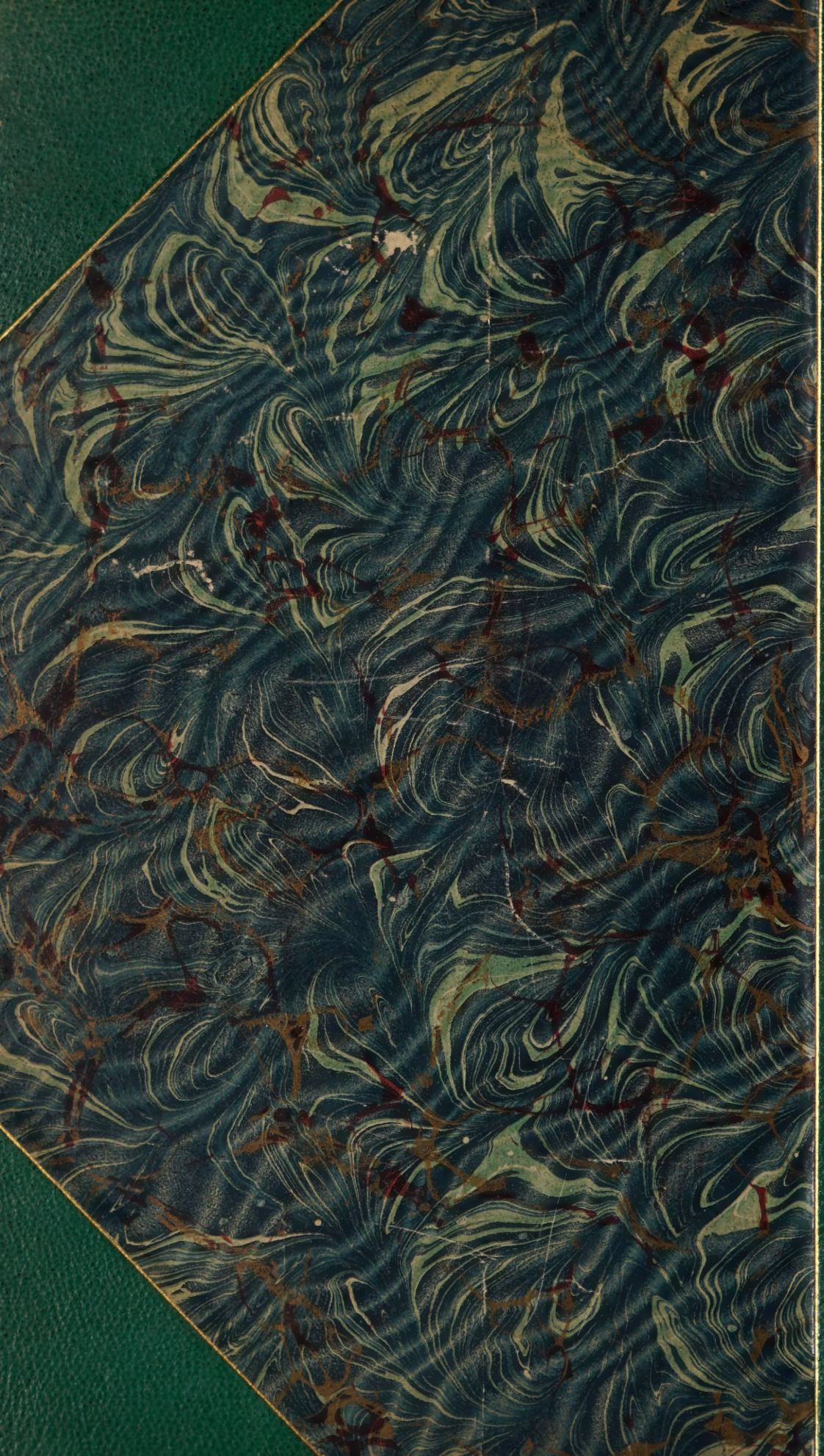
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